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LETTER X.

Paris, 2 September, 1807.

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—Popularity of Henry IV.—His assassination—His body found
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of general Dessaix—*Pont des Arts*, an iron bridge—*Pont Royal*—
Pont de la Concorde—The beggar woman.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE morning is cool and cloudless, and, if you please,
we will spend it in taking a view of the French metropolis,
from the summit of

MONT-MARTRE.

This is a small hill, on the north of Paris, whose height is two hundred and eighty nine feet above the common level of the Seine. It was anciently occupied by a temple, dedicated to Mars, a part of which was visible in the sixteenth century. Hence the name *Mont-martre*, or *mons Martis*.

When Henry IV. was vindicating his title to the throne of France, most of the females belonging to the abbeys, in the different parts of the kingdom, sought an asylum in Paris, from the gallantries of the soldiery, who were ravaging the country, and who had a particular partiality for the nuns. The younger part of these religious refugees were placed in a convent on Mont-martre.

Among the virgins of the mount, was Mariè de Beauvilliers, a girl of seventeen, whose beauty was too irresistible even for a monarch to withstand. The first sight of her inflamed the bosom of Henry. It was not surprising, that the man, who, scarcely less by his valour, than by his personal accomplishments, had conquered the enmity, and become the idol of the nation, should meet with but little difficulty in subduing the heart of the blooming damsel. Easily persuaded that the splendours of the court, and the affections of the king, would afford her more delight than the chaste gloom of the convent, she cheerfully relinquished the veil, and became the *bonne amie* of her royal admirer. But fickle fortune soon convinced her of her error. Another, and more artful, fair-one stole from her the heart and kind attentions of the king. Mariè was neglected—and the cheek, lately decked with the carnations of youth and beauty, now wore a sickly paleness, and was furrowed with tears. She bewailed her ‘false step,’ withdrew from the

world, and resumed the veil. Henry, as a compensation for the sacrifice of her virtue, raised her to the dignity of *Abbes de Mont-martre* ! What, my friend, must we think of a religious establishment, whose honours are made the reward of prostitution !

At the bottom of the hill was formerly the Campus Martius, where the kings of the Morovingian race erected a throne annually, on the first of May. They were conducted hither from Paris in a car of state, ornamented with boughs of trees and flowers, and drawn by four oxen ! Seated on the throne, they gave a publick audience to their subjects, received from them, and distributed, annual presents. Such were the parade, and equipage, of the first sovereigns of the Franks.

Mont-martre contains immense quantities of sulphate of lime, of various kinds, as gypsum, selenite, and Plaster of Paris, which the Parisians have employed from time immemorial, as a cement in building. It is the same substance, which we use as a manure. I do not learn that it is generally applied to this purpose in Europe. It seems probable that it is not, from an expression in Nicholson's Chemical Dictionary. '*In America*,' says he, "it is laid on grass land, as a manure."

The plaster-diggers, by their incessant labours in excavating the mountain, have produced caverns some hundreds of feet in horizontal extent. Of the fossils, which are found here, I shall speak in a future letter. The plaster, after being burnt, is pulverized with large wooden hammers, or mauls. You perceive a number of men scattered along the foot of the hill, employed in this business. They labour, two or three together, nearly naked, and enveloped in a thick cloud of dust. In order to keep time in striking, they make a most hideous kind of musick, or rather groan-

ing, which may be heard distinctly at the distance of fifty, or sixty rods. When reduced to a fine powder, the plaster is put into bags, containing from one to two bushels each. In these it is conveyed to the place of its destination, whether intended for home consumption, or exportation.

On the summit of Mont-martre is the old parish church, which was formerly connected with the Abbey of this place, and on the top of which is now erected a telegraph, whose mechanism strangers are allowed to examine. Here, too, are several wind-mills, which, in consequence of their elevated site, are almost continually in motion. On the sides, are many cottages, or country boxes, and on the southern declivity is a fine garden, which is occasionally open to the publick.

From the top of the hill, you have a complete and delightful view of Paris, and a large region of country around it. The city is of a circular form, and nearly surrounded by the *boulevards*, which are wide streets, set with trees, constituting many convenient, and superb promenades. From this point, the roofs of the houses present a seemingly connected, but uneven area, from which rises, here and there, a prominent object, such as the dome of the *Hotel des Invalids*, the *Pantheon*, *Notre-Dame*, and other publick edifices. Extending your view beyond the barriers, as far as the eye can reach, you embrace, in your circle of vision, as delightful a landscape as the imagination can conceive.

The country is not a dead level, nor does it swell into stupendous mountains. It exhibits a surface formed by small, but unequal, elevations and depressions, which are every where variegated with villages, country seats, wind-mills, groves, gardens, fields and vineyards. The city is situated on both sides of the

SEINE ;

which runs from east to west, passing near the centre, and separating it into northern and southern sections, which are nearly equal. The river is embanked on each side with hewn stone, laid in mortar. There are three islands in the Seine, which fall within the limits of Paris. The largest of these, the *Ile du Palais*, during many centuries, comprehended the whole city. This part is still the most populous, but the worst built. The opposite sections of the capital are connected to each other by no less than eighteen

BRIDGES ;

thrown over the Seine and the arms of it, that embrace the islands. These are all of stone, except two, and their construction is so similar, that a minute attention to each would be tiresome, and useless. In our way from the mount, though it will cost us a long walk, we will visit the most remarkable of them—those, which I have personally examined, and whose history I have collected from a variety of approved sources. The first we shall inspect is a noble specimen of the taste, and architecture, of modern times, and is called the

PONT D' AUSTERLITZ.

Its name was derived from the famous battle of Austerlitz. It was begun in 1802, and is not yet completed ; though it is passable for foot people, and I always cross it in going from the garden of plants to the Arsenal. Continuing our course down the river, it will not be amiss to cast your eye on the

PONT MARIE ;

which forms a communication between one of the islands, and the northern part of the city. The erection of it was commenced in 1614, and was twenty-one years in building.— Its length is three hundred feet, and its breadth sixty-two, and consists of five arches. The next on the same branch of the river is the

PONT NOTRE-DAME ;

probably so called, from its vicinity to the cathedral of this name, or from its leading to it. The present bridge has been standing precisely three hundred years. It was completed in the reign of Louis XII. in 1507, and is still one of the strongest and most solid bridges in the capital. It will be walked over, it is likely, by thirty generations yet unborn. It has six arches, and is two hundred and seventy-six feet in length. A little farther down, on the same arm of the Seine, we shall find the

PONT-AU-CHANGE.

I can discover no historical account of the origin of this bridge. Before the year 1141 it was called the *Grand Pont*. Louis VII. at that time, ordered all the money-changers in Paris, to carry on their trade here. Hence its present name *Pont-Au-Change*. It has likewise been called *Pont-aux-Oiseaux*, on account of the bird-sellers having been formerly permitted to reside here, on condition of their letting loose two hundred dozen of the winged tribe, at the moment when kings and queens passed the bridge, in their way to the cathedral, on the day of their triumphal entry, or at the time of their coronation. These bird-sellers, no

doubt, cried often, and heartily *vive le roi, vive la reine* : for frequent coronations would be destructive to the trade.

Till a late period, all the bridges in Paris were lined on each side, by rows of houses, inhabited by people of various occupations. When they were constructed of wood, as they anciently were, the most disastrous accidents often occurred at the breaking up of the river in the spring, and at other times of uncommon flood. By the fall of the Pont Notre-Dame, in 1499, four or five hundred persons perished. Similar catastrophes have several times happened.

The accounts, which are given us of the number of people, who had their habitations on these bridges, would be quite incredible, were they not attested by the most faithful historians. On the *Pont-au-Change*, and *Pont-Notre-Dame*, the houses were six, or seven stories high, and Mr. Pujoulx says, "It is certain, that more than ten thousand individuals resided on these two bridges." "It was curious," observes this writer, "to see, just before the breaking up of the ice, from a thousand to twelve hundred families deserting their dwellings, and carrying with them their most valuable moveables, through fear of their habitations falling into the river." These houses were equally injurious to the appearance and salubrity of the city. They interrupted the currents of air, which the motion of the water has a tendency to produce, and thus caused a stagnation, which was, at the same time, the parent, and the nurse, of numberless diseases. From the old smoked houses, which still stand on one of the small bridges, you can judge how *semble* an aspect this part of Paris formerly exhibited. All the principal bridges are now divested of their cumbrous load. The air circulates freely, and a delightful prospect is laid open, of the river, quays, and adjacent buildings.

Were I to walk a thousand times, along the quays from the *Pont-au-Change* to the *Louvre*, I should not forget to stop, each time, and gaze at the

PONT-NEUF.

It is a proud monument of the enterprise, and architecture, of the age in which it was erected. I cannot assent to Stearne's declaration, that it was "the noblest—the finest—the grandest—the lightest—the longest—the broadest bridge—that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe;" but it is certainly the largest and the most frequented of any in Paris. It is situated in the very centre of the city, and were you to observe the crowds of people, who are perpetually crossing it, you would pronounce it the thorough-fare of Europe.

The *Pont-Neuf* stretches over both branches of the Seine, a little above their point of confluence at the west end of the *Ile du Palais*. Its length is one thousand and twenty feet, and its breadth seventy eight. The first stone was laid by Henry III. in 1578. It is supported by twelve broad arches. The undertaking was considerably advanced, when it experienced a temporary suspension, occasioned by civil commotions, and the bloody wars of the League. It was not resumed till Henry IV. was firmly established on the throne. He caused it to be completed at his own private expense.

No monarch ever ruled France, who was more respected and beloved by his subjects than Henry IV. His assassination, historians inform us, spread the most unfeigned sorrow throughout the kingdom. This savage deed was committed on the day succeeding the publick coronation of his queen, *Marie de Medicis*. He was on his way to the

arsenal, in company with three of the nobility, who rode with him in an open coach. Passing through a narrow street, the carriage was stopped by accidentally meeting two carts. All the attendants took a nearer route, except two. One of these happened behind to tie his garter, the other went forward to clear the street. At this moment, while the king was reading a letter to the duke of Epemon, he received a stab from a knife : he had scarcely time to exclaim " I am wounded," when a second stroke pierced his heart : he breathed a deep sigh, and sunk down in the carriage a lifeless corpse.* Thus terminated the splendid career of Henry IV.

" The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The body was deposited in the royal sepulchre at St. Denis, and the regicide, Ravillac, soon met the doom, which his crime had so richly merited.

From the many incidents, which are recorded as evidences of the high respect, in which the memory of this king was held, I shall select but two, or three. An equestrian statue, in bronze, was erected to him, on a little nook of land, which forms the point of the island west of the *Pont-Neuf*. On a festival occasion, a beggar followed a passenger along the foot-way of this bridge soliciting alms. " In the name of St. Peter," said the mendicant ; " in the name of St. Joseph—in the name of the Virgin Mary—in the name of her divine Son—in the name of God ?" The passenger's heart was yet unmoved. Arriving opposite the statue of Henry, the persevering pauper exclaimed, " In the name of Henry *quatre*, in the name of Henry *quatre* ?" " Here !" said the passenger ; who gave him a louis d'or, or a pound sterling.

* Adams His. of France. v. 2. p. 120.

When the Myrmidons of the revolution opened the royal tombs at St. Denis, in 1793, the coffin of Henry IV. was the first that came out of the vault of the Bourbons.— Though it had rested here a hundred and eighty three years, the body retained its natural form, and even the features of the face were unaltered. As soon as the coffin was opened, a soldier, who was present, animated with martial enthusiasm, threw himself on the body, and after a pause of admiration, drew his sabre, and cut off a lock of Henry's beard, which was still fresh : at the same time, pronouncing in an energetic manner ; "and I too am a French soldier ! In future I will have no other whiskers." Then, attaching the lock to his upper lip, he withdrew, exclaiming, " Now I am sure to conquer the enemies of France, and I march to victory."

After the revolutionary tempest had swept away all the statues of the other kings, that of Henry remained unimpaired. Indeed, it was doubtful, for a time, whether it would not be privileged with an exemption from the general proscription. The point was at length decided. "Henry," said one of the revolutionizers, "was an ancestor of the perjured king." This was sufficient. It was a *crime*, that could not be forgiven. His monument was doomed to fall. 'It could not be protected,' says Lacretelle, 'by the ancient love of the people ; the paricidal hatchet beat down the image of a good king, of a great man.' It was overturned on the eleventh of August 1792 ; the day on which the monarchy was abolished. Thus this noble statue, which had stood more than a century and a half, and received no less homage than the shrine of a saint, was hurled from its pedestal, mutilated, trodden under foot, and dragged to the foundery.

Its site is at present occupied by an elegant coffee-house,

and garden, laid out in neat walks, and furnished with bowers, seats and tables. During the summer season, it is the evening resort of people of various descriptions, who regale themselves with coffee, creams, cordials, and fruits—and perhaps indulge in a game of chance. Happening in here, a few nights ago, I found the garden crowded with visitants of both sexes, and nearly as gay as any I have witnessed in Paris.

I passed over the *Pont-Neuf*, yesterday, about ten o'clock, in the morning, with my friend Mr. W. The weather was excessively hot, and being fatigued with a long walk, we stopped in here, to rest a little, and slake our thirst with a glass of ice lemonade. 'It is too early in the day for ice,' said the chief waiter. Why too early, said I; do you not always have it ready for use? "No, monsieur," replied he, 'we make it in the morning, and use it in the afternoon and evening.' This, I understand, is the practice at most of the large hotels, and coffee-houses, in the city. Few persons trust to the fickleness of a Parisian winter for this luxury.

Near the garden are shops and stalls, in which books, stationary, and other articles of commerce, are exhibited for sale. At the bottom of a platform, on the west side of the bridge, is a long range of baths, which the proprietor, Mr. Vizier, is fitting up in a very elegant style. The water is to be heated according to directions furnished by Count Rumford. A large quantity is to be heated at once, and to be so enclosed by non-conductors as to retain its caloric several days without material diminution. The Count lately explained to me the plan of these baths, and related the result of an experiment, by which it appeared that water, thus enclosed, during forty eight hours after boiling, had

lost only eleven degrees of its heat, by Fahrenheit's thermometer.

Towards the north extremity of the bridge, on the same side, stands a little edifice, erected on piles, and called

LA SAMARITAINE.

It was built by Henry IV. for the residence of the person, who had the care of the hydraulic machine, which here raises water from the Seine to supply the publick fountains of the *Louvre*, the garden of the *Thuilleries*, and the *Palais* of the *Tribunat*. Here is a large gilt basin, into which the water falls, forming a beautiful cascade, from the reservoir above. The basin was originally ornamented with two gilt figures, representing Christ seated, and the Samaritan woman, drawing water from Jacob's well, and listening to his discourse. But these were destroyed by the enemies of religion and the arts, in 1793.

In the middle of the building, and under a small arch, are placed the bells of the clock, and those of the chime, which used to play at the celebration of fêtes, and on all memorable occasions. I am informed, that during the revolution, they were often rung as the signal of insurrection and murder. It is perhaps to avoid refreshing, in the minds of the Parisians, the recollection of the horrid scenes, which they then witnessed and felt, that they are now suffered to rest in almost uninterrupted silence.

On the east side of the bridge, and directly opposite the spot where the statue of Henry IV. stood, is the *Place du Dauphin*, which is of a triangular figure and formed by three ranges of elegant houses of similar construction. In the middle of the area is a beautiful monument, recently erected to perpetuate the glory of general Desaix, who fell at

the battle of Maringo. The expense was defrayed by a subscription among the officers of the army. The monument represents France crowning the statue of Desaix, who was one of her bravest generals. On the front of the pedestal is the name of the hero, in letters of gold ; and at the bottom, are his last words—"Go tell the First Consul, I die with regret, that I have not done enough to live in posterity." In the base is a fountain, supplied with water from the Seine, by means of a hydraulic machine, invented by the famous Montgolfier.

I have detained you too long at the *Pont-Neuf*. Let us hasten down the river a few rods, and cross the

PONT DES ARTS ;

where we shall not be troubled with carriages, nor dust ; for none but foot people are allowed to cross it.

It forms a communication between the Louvre, on the north, and the Palace of the Arts, on the south side of the Seine. This is an iron bridge, and the first that was constructed in France. It has a neat iron railing, and is covered with planks so placed as to form a horizontal plain extending across the river. It was completed about two years ago. It is impossible to admire too much the plan, or the execution. The work is strong, light, and elegant. About the middle of the bridge, on each side, is a green-house of considerable length, in which is a number of shelves, rising, one above another, like the steps of a staircase, covered with pots of flowers, and shrubs of various kinds, but chiefly of foreign origin. Here you may walk, as long as you please, and for two sous, be supplied with a chair to sit, and observe the boats moving on the river—contemplate the hard lot of hundreds of washerwomen, ranged along the sides of

boats, and constantly pounding the linen with their heavy battle-doors—examine the quays, the Louvre, and other splendid monuments of the arts—study the productions of nature, that bloom before you, or her more perfect productions, that move gracefully along the bridge.

This is the only toll-bridge in Paris. The demand is one sou ; and trifling as this sum appears, I am assured that the daily income to the proprietors frequently exceeds eight hundred francs. I cannot quit the *Pont des Arts* without remarking, that it is, in my opinion, one of the principal ornaments of the French metropolis. I hope, before long, to send you a drawing of it, taken from a point on the Seine a little above the

PONT-ROYAL.

This bridge connects the palace of the Thuilleries with the *Rue du Bac*, one of the longest streets in the southern division of the capital. It was built at the private expense of Louis XIV. and rests on five large elliptical arches. The span of the central one is seventy two feet. On one of the piles of the north arch is a scale, divided into feet and inches, which marks the height of the water in the river.

On the memorable tenth of August 1792, a cannon was placed on the south end of this bridge, and made to play briskly on the royal residence. About six thousand persons perished in this scene of unparalleled outrage. The marks of the bullets were lately visible on the sides of the palace, but a number of workmen are labouring to erase them, and to give new elegance to the edifice. The most westerly bridge in the city is the

PONT DE LA CONCORDE.

It is situated between the palace of the legislative Body, and the *Place de la Concorde* ; that is, the *place*, where the French people *agreed* to behead their king. It was begun in 1787, and finished in 1791. Like the Pont-Royal, it has five arches, of a new and beautiful construction, each forming a part of a perfect circle. It is four hundred and sixty two feet in length, and forty eight in breadth. Perpendicular to the pillars, which support a cornice five feet and a half high, rise several fine obelisks, which are crowned by a parapet with a balustrade. Here the standards, which were taken in the last campaign, were displayed, on the emperor's anniversary fête, an account of which I have given you in a former letter. On great publick occasions fire-works are here made to play with astonishing activity and effect. It is said that more than four hundred thousand individuals of both sexes witnessed the *feu d'artifice*, which was exhibited here on the celebration of the last general peace.

A few years since, a poor beggar woman, who had been long accustomed to carry her dwarfish, impotent husband about the streets, in a kind of wicker basket, rested herself against one of the parapets of this bridge. A quarrel soon commenced between them, which, you know, is only the seasoning of matrimonial pleasures, and the wife, in the ebb of connubial affection, released herself from her ungrateful help-mate, by throwing him into the river !

The bridges on the Seine constitute no inconsiderable feature in the picture of Paris. This is my only apology for extending the present letter to such an unusual length.

Adieu.

LETTER XI.

Paris, 7 September, 1807.

Commercial situation of Paris—Its distance from the sea—No vessels observed on the Seine—Supposed diminution of the water in the river, since the time of Julius Cæsar—Scheme for rendering the Seine navigable for large vessels—Internal commerce—Distinctions between the different classes of citizens greater in Europe than in America—Poverty of the Parisian market-people—Condition of females in the savage—the civilized—and the dissolute state of society—Anecdote, related by Mr. P.—Prince of Peace—Female office-seeker—Paris, a school for the arts and sciences, and the grand vortex of dissipation—Theatres—Girls of the town—Modern undress.

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Few cities in the world are more unfavourably situated for the carrying on of foreign commerce than Paris.—Its distance from the Atlantic, to follow the extremely sinuous course of the Seine, exceeds two hundred miles.* The average width of the river, in Paris and its vicinity, is about six hundred feet, and its ordinary depth, at the *Pont-Royal*, is twenty four feet, which is more than double its depth at many places below. The present depression of the water, which, I am informed, is rather unusual, has brought into view a number of sand-banks, some of which extend more than a third across the stream.

These facts are sufficient to convince you, that Paris can

* "Paris is 166150 toises from Quille-beuf, which is near the mouth of the river." Carte de France. The toise is to the English foot as 1 to 6, 392.

never share largely in the blessings of foreign traffick. How different are its commercial advantages from those of London, or even those of Philadelphia. 'Thirteen thousand four hundred and forty four ships discharge their cargoes annually in the Thames.'* Up this river, and the Delaware, vessels of almost the largest dimensions can sail unobstructed, and disburden themselves into the warehouses of the merchant—a circumstance, which will ever give these cities an incalculable superiority over the French metropolis.

No noisy sailors throng the streets of Paris ; no fields of masts decorate the Seine. Since my arrival here, I have observed nothing on the river, but barges, and a few flat-bottomed boats, loaded with wood, coal, hay and some colonial commodities. The boats, that come up the stream, are moved by horses, which walk along the side of the river, and are connected with the boats by long ropes. Their progress is slow and difficult.

Some geologists have supposed, that the quantity of water in the Seine is much less, at present, than it was in the early ages of the world. And, indeed, history seems, in some measure, to corroborate the idea.

Julius Caesar asserts, that he constructed six hundred vessels, at Paris, in one winter, and, the following Spring, embarked in them with his whole army, infantry, cavalry, and baggage, and descending the Seine, crossed the sea to the conquest of the Britons.

In the year 885, the Swedes, Danes, and Normans, to the number of forty five thousand, came to beseige Paris, with seven hundred sail of ships, besides smaller craft. Abbon, who relates this fact, and declares himself to have

* Colquhoun.

been an eye-witness of it, says, "that the Seine was then covered with vessels for more than two leagues."

Now, it is evident, that either the river was much deeper at that epoch, than it is at the present day, or else these vessels were extremely diminutive. The latter, indeed, is more than probable, whether the former be true or not: for forty five thousand men, equally distributed in seven hundred ships, would give to each vessel only sixty four men—a crew more suitable for a gun-boat, than for a man of war.

The French engineers formed a project, many years ago, for rendering the Seine navigable as far as Paris for vessels of large burden. They were fully persuaded of its practicability, and estimated the supposed expense of the undertaking at forty six millions of livres. But, so long as Bonaparte finds no less use for men, and money, than he does at present, it is likely this great and laudable object will remain unaccomplished, and unattempted.

If nature, by denying the Parisians an easy intercourse with foreign countries, has prevented their becoming extensively commercial, from what sources, you will ask, do they derive their subsistence and wealth? This is a problem, which I have been, for some time, endeavouring to solve; and the result of my observation, enquiries, and reading, will be detailed in the following paragraphs.

1. A small number of the Parisians are supported by their traffick in foreign, and colonial, articles. I have not learnt that many individuals are engaged in the importation of these articles. Their trade is consequently, of a secondary character, and less likely to produce a sudden accumulation of great wealth, than that of the direct importers. The principal merchants purchase their goods, in large quantities, at some of the maritime towns, generally

at Bordeaux, or Nantes, and transport them to their store-houses, in Paris. Thence they are distributed among the traders of a lower order, in the city, and surrounding country. These traders are very numerous, and the indifferent appearance of the persons, and shops, of most of them is a sufficient evidence of want of business, or bad management.

2. A much greater number are dependant for a livelihood on *internal commerce*. By this, I mean, that traffick, which consists in the barter of commodities of home production. A moment's examination of the subject will show us, that this species of trade constitutes no inconsiderable part of the commerce of every country, and, particularly, of large cities. It attracts less notice; 1. Because it is conducted on a smaller scale, though it employs more hands: 2. Because it relates chiefly to the necessaries of life, of which we are seldom destitute, and whose real value we, therefore, estimate too low, or, rather, do not estimate at all; whereas external commerce consists mostly in articles of luxury, which we appreciate according to the difficulty of procuring, and the distance of the region that produces them: 3. Because, being more *scattered*, or carried on by a greater number of persons, it does not, like foreign trade, create those princely fortunes, which excite regard, and envy—give power and rank, oftentimes, to the undeserving, and which, in the hands of most men, are a curse, rather than a blessing, both to the owner, and to the community.

Suppose all the traffick, in the United States, which consists in the exchange, and sale, of the commodities of daily consumption, and American growth, were destroyed; how many individuals, think you, would lose their present livelihood? How many does the sale of milk, bread, flour, flesh, fish, and other articles, too numerous to name, support, in Boston, New-York and Philadelphia? How many earn their

living in the fruit, vegetable, meat, and fish markets of London? How many more find employment, and maintenance, in raising, collecting and preparing these articles for sale? The number of people, thus occupied and supported, in Paris, is much greater, in proportion to the whole population, than it is in London. Paris contains between thirty and forty markets, filled with an immense sarrago of men, women, and children.

As I have forewarned you, my friend, not to expect much regularity, or connection, in my letters, I shall here indulge in a little digression from the subject before us, for the sake of noticing a circumstance, which is not unworthy of your consideration.

In New-England, all parts of the community are so amalgamated, that but few distinctions are observable, and those are, but imperfectly defined. As the country grows older; as wealth increases, and its follower, luxury, gains ground, the lines of demarkation, between the different classes of citizens, will, no doubt, become more numerous, and more evident. At present, the inferiour orders of people possess, and often display, a spirit of independence, which excites the astonishment of those foreigners, who are accustomed to view mankind as necessarily made up only of lords and slaves, nabobs and beggars. The force of habit, and of deep-rooted prejudice opposes the introduction of distinctions. Even the harmless appellations of *master* and *servant*, have a degree of odium attached to them. The rich, and the poor, are on nearly the same footing. The rich and the poor! did I say? Compare the inhabitants of America, in regard to the distribution of wealth, and the means of living, with those of the old world, and it will be found, that we have *no* poverty, and but little opulence.

The distance between the highest and lowest classes of

people in France, and, I suppose, in all old countries, is almost infinite. Neither of these classes exists in New-England. We have there no *empereur et roi*, no princes and dukes, dashing in their coaches and six : nor have we any such distressing indigence as is every where visible in Europe, and, especially, in this city.

It is impossible for you to form an adequate conception of the wretched appearance of thousands of the Parisian market-people ; for you have never seen any human beings reduced to such a state of humiliating degradation. Instead of the fascinating nymph, who rolls in her chariot, or trips along the *boulevard*, you here behold a female, in tattered clothes, bending half to the pavement, under the weight of a huge box of butter, or bag of fruit. Another clatters along, in wooden shoes, carrying under one arm a bundle of onions, or cabbage, and with the other leading an ass, bestrid by a couple of baskets, filled with fish, eggs, vegetables and other articles of puny traffick.

Opposite my lodging, is a small market, occupied by females only. Let us examine it. We shall find about twenty women, ranged along the side of the street, which, in this place, is uncommonly wide. Some are standing ; others seated on stools, or old crazy chairs—all in the open air. Nothing is over them but the canopy of heaven. — Observe the smallness of their traffick. Before one, you see three, or four dozen little fish, spread along upon the pavement. They are her whole stock in trade—her whole capital.— She bought them this morning, and must subsist, to-day, on the profits of the trade. The capital must be reserved to purchase again to-morrow. Should the sale be unfavourable, she must eat a smaller roll of bread, or a less bunch of grapes, for dinner.—Before another, is a little pyramid of apples ; by a third, a basket of grapes ; by a fourth, a few

potatoes ; by a fifth, a parcel of onions.—This description will answer for a dozen, and, perhaps, twenty, of the small markets of different kinds in the city. There are others, where are presented a greater variety of articles, and in greater quantities ; and where the people carry about them fewer marks of extreme wretchedness. But this I notice more than any other. I pass it every day, and all the objects in it are faithfully painted on my mind. It is truly painful to observe these hard-fated females, as soon as the morning dawns, repairing to their stands. Reduced, literally, to the state of beasts of burden, each one of them might well envy the lot of those born

“ On Erie’s banks where tygers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd’rous tomahawk ;”

or even that of the poor, patient, animal, that trudges by her side, the favoured companion of her toil.

Woman, in a state of nature, is the slave of man. As civilization advances she acquires importance. If *man* loses, *woman* gains rights, by the social compact. When civil, rational government is established : when the intercourse of the sexes is duly regulated : when learning is cherished ; when the arts of refinement have risen to a certain height ; when all the virtues are respected, then, and not till then, woman attains her proper, her most eligible rank in society. But let the reins of morality be loosened ; let luxury and corruption be introduced ; let refinement and politeness be carried to their utmost limit—and what follows ? A female aristocracy. A few of the fair ones acquire an ascendancy over the other, and a great part of their own, sex, which heaven never designed they should possess. The mass of

females are degraded to a state below that of nature, where they were the slaves of man only. Now they are subjected to the domination, not of man alone, but also to that of greater tyrants,—a few individuals of their own sex. The effects of such an aristocracy were felt in Greece and Rome, and are now felt in Spain, in France, and are not wholly unknown in England.

If you wish for an office, or for any favour, from the French government, you are more likely to obtain it, if you employ a fair damsel as your intercessor. The wife, especially if she have beauty to recommend her, succeeds far better than the husband. The same is the case in Spain.

Permit me to relate an anecdote. I had it from Mr. P. late Consul in Spain, and brother to the brave commodore, who once gave so salutary a lesson to the barbarians of the Mediterranean—a man who was one of the greatest ornaments of our navy, and whose premature death every friend of his country sincerely laments. During Mr. P.—s stay in Spain, the prince of peace held frequent and stated levees, to which none but ladies were admitted. Four or five hundred were some times present at once—all soliciting favours for their husbands, or gallants. No man was allowed to prefer a petition in person.

The same gentleman informed me, that the prince, when he assumed the reins of government, proposed to the queen, that all offices in the state should be rendered venal; that they should be disposed of at fixed prices, and the avails divided equally between them. Her majesty consented, but never received any of the money. What must be the condition of a country, where the whole power rests in the hands of a few females of dubious reputation, and an old parsimonious debauchee!

This practice prevailed more in France under the ancient *regime* than it does at present. Bonaparte perceives the evil and has endeavoured to remove it. He has gone so far as to frown from his presence many beautiful suppliants, who, dressed in white, as the emblem of innocence, have thrown themselves at his feet, beseeching relief for the distresses of parents, children and friends. He may indeed show an insensibility to human calamity, which few others feel; he may *diminish* the undue influence of females with the government; but he cannot entirely destroy it. It would be more difficult than it was for the Great Peter to trim the whiskers of his Russian subjects. If excluded from the palace, it still gains admittance to the offices of the ministers, and other grand functionaries of the empire.

Apropos—I have an example in point.

‘*Haud incerta cano.*’

In the house where I lodge lives a lady, a native of Brussels, who came to Paris to solicit an office for her husband. She was introduced to Mon. S. one of the secretaries of the National Institute. He made interest for her with Mon. Champany, and obtained a petty clerkship for her husband, in a town, *at least one hundred miles from the metropolis*. She is a woman of some beauty, of elegant manners, and is so well pleased with the company of her patron, who frequently visits her, that I imagine she will not soon rejoin her beloved spouse.

Thus, in the progress of society, woman is first the slave, then the companion, and then the tyrant, or the more abject slave, of man.

3. Were not the commerce and manufactures of the capital increased by the wants of the court, and of occasional visitants, they would do but little towards supporting the

present population. Paris is the seat of the most numerous and splendid court in Europe. It contains the establishments of all the great, civil, military, and some of the ecclesiastical, functionaries of the empire; together with a number of foreign ambassadors and other publick agents. The kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia also have magnificent hotels, or palaces here, which they occupy when on visits to their imperial brother. To supply the necessities, to maintain the splendour, and to furnish amusement for these various personages, requires the exertions of the merchant, the mechanick, the actor, and thousands of persons in all the inferiour gradations of the community. The triumphal arch, the state chariot, the diamond snuff-box, the court costume—baubles of monarchs and ministers—are not procured without money.

4. Paris has become a distinguished school for the arts and sciences. Rome, it is said, is nearly deserted by the votaries of sculpture and painting. They now assemble here, from all quarters, to admire and to copy those masterpieces of art, which were once the pride of Italy, Holland, Germany, and the departments of France. Many students, in mathematics, physics, chemistry, anatomy and surgery resort here to attend the lectures of celebrated professors in these sciences. This class of visitors, though not in general affluent, necessarily distribute some property among the middling orders of citizens. I might mention foreign commercial agents, who, by frequently residing here, contribute to the subsistence and wealth of the Parisians. Not a little money is expended by milliners, tailors, mantau-makers &c. who, in times of peace, flock hither from all the principal cities in Europe, to purchase articles for their shops, but, chiefly, to learn the new modes, and fashions: for Pa-

ris, you know, has been the dictatress-general to the fashionable world for more than half a century.

5. But the source, from which the Parisians derive their principal support, is yet to be mentioned. In this city exists every species of dissipation. It generates, and cherishes, all the vices, which dishonour our fallen nature. It is the grand rendezvous for the votaries of pleasure from almost every region of the earth. The number of strangers resident here, in tranquil times, is estimated at a hundred thousand. A large proportion of them are persons of opulence, who resort to Paris, to idle away life, and plunge into the destructive whirl of dissipation. How many individuals are employed in supplying their real wants! how many more in ministering to the gratification of their licentious propensities! You can form some idea of the number, supported in this way, and also of the taste and morals of the citizens and strangers *ensemble* from a single remark. In Paris, there are, at present, *twenty two theatres*; *twenty five thousand* registered *publick women*, and about the same number, who are kept and supported as *bonnes amies*! What a horrid moral *tableau* is here presented? I have drawn only the outlines.—Your imagination will enable you to fill up the picture.

I cannot conclude this letter without noticing a circumstance, which has often struck me very forcibly. Those abandoned females, who patrol the streets, every night, in search of their prey, are designated by an apparel, very similar to that, which has lately become fashionable in America. It was copied from the Grecian statues, and busts, and introduced among the Parisian belles, by David the painter. It was worn for some time, by persons of rank and character, but is now almost, if not entirely, relin-

quished, by ladies of this description. The reformation, it is said, began in the palace. Her majesty Josephine, at the request of her husband, to whom she is believed to be in very good subjection, and who has frequently expressed a pointed disapprobation of the Grecian *nudity* of attire, set the example, which has been followed by all the most respectable of her sex. I have been in a number of parties, where were French ladies of fortune and good fame, but have not yet observed any with naked elbows, open bosoms, or transparent dresses. I have seen them in the streets, at the opera, and among persons of doubtful character,—but no where else. And can our virtuous and amiable fair, in America, find no better models for imitation, in dress, than the publick girls of the *Palais Royal*, or the imperial opera dancers?*

I am far from wishing to declaim against all fluctuations of fashion. They have their use in society. They create activity and enterprise. They give employment and bread to thousands of individuals. The adoption of new modes is, therefore, in general, beneficial, or, at least, harmless. But it is not so with the dress *à la Grec*. This is an enemy to publick morals, to individual reputation, and to health.

* The dress here censured, the writer is happy to find, is much less in vogue than it was, when these letters were composed.—He is thoroughly convinced of the indecency, the criminality, and the unhealthiness of this mode of attire, and sincerely hopes it will speedily go into absolute and perpetual disuse. As a very auspicious revolution has already taken place in the dress of American females, it may be thought, that the last paragraphs in the above letter might, with propriety, have been omitted. They are retained in compliance with the request of a highly esteemed friend.

How often has it awakened desires, the gratification of which has proved the destruction of her, who inspired them? Every person, who has a due regard to the character of a wife, a sister, a daughter, or to the morals of the community, will urgently inculcate the poet's advice :

"Let not *each beauty* EVERY WHERE be spied,
When half the skill is *decently to hide.*"†

I might observe, that it is extremely unfit for our climate. Is it possible for the ladies of Paris, or Rome, and those of New-England to be equally unexposed in this thin attire, in the chill month of January? Its ruinous operation on health and life is evident from the vast increase of female deaths recorded in our bills of mortality, since the introduction of the ancient undress.

But this point it would be useless to urge. The risque of life is, unhappily, a trifling consideration with a young girl, who is eager to indulge in all the extremes of fashionable dress.

Adieu.

† Fordice in one of his much admired "Discourses to Young Women" says, "I must needs think, that, according to every rule of duty and decorum, there ought ever to be a manifest difference between the attire of a virtuous woman, and that of one, who has renounced every title to the honourable name."

REVIEW.

A history of the Indian Wars with the first settlers of the United States, particularly in New-England. Written in Vermont. Montpelier, Vt. Wright and Sibley, 1812. 18 mo. pp. 319.

EVERY individual is subject to local partialities and to limited and narrow attachments. In favour of whatever is found within the sphere, to which the affections are especially confined, his pride enlists herself, exerts her power and displays her influence. What is little she endeavors to amplify, what is groveling to exalt, what is faulty, to extenuate, what is valuable to commend, and what is noble to aggrandize. There is national pride, which strenuously maintains, that no country rivals in climate, in soil, in genius, in learning, in opulence, in arts, in liberty, and in happiness the favorite spot, in which we have been fixed.— There is provincial pride, which, at least in idea, assembles in the state, in which our lot is cast, a larger share of what is amiable and excellent, of what tends to dignify and bless, than is elsewhere to be found.

These prepossessions, to a certain extent at least, we consider legitimate and honourable; and even where they are most groundless, we esteem them worthy of respect and indulgence, rather than fit objects of rebroation and contempt. There is something amiable in the disposition to make the best of every situation, to put the fairest construction on every occurrence and to taste, with the highest relish, every enjoyment. We abhor the sour and cynical spirit, which prompts a man to fix his eyes on the dark shades of every picture, to contemplate only the odious and gloomy

features of every prospect, and to look solely on the dismal and depressing aspect of human affairs. We approve and applaud the contented temper, which is at ease in every situation, and extracts happiness from every circumstance, not the querulous and peevish mind, which no place can please, no society can satisfy, and no condition can delight.

The principle, which we have noticed, operates, we readily acknowledge, upon our minds with relation to the literary character of this State. We feel no measure of that spirit, with regard to the works, which issue from our presses, which European criticks have so uniformly manifested towards every offspring of American genius. We have no disposition to view with superciliousness, and to treat with contumelious severity any original production, which may appear among us. "Written in Vermont" will always be very far from acting upon our feelings to the prejudice of any publication on the title page of which, it may be inserted. Gladly should we see this State rivalling the oldest and the proudest in the union, in taste and learning, and sending forth original works, which any American scholar would be ready to acknowledge as his own, and which every part of our country would esteem it an honour to produce. Instead of depressing, we are inclined, as far as in us lies, to foster genius, and instead of sinking, our efforts and our influence however inconsiderable they may be, shall be steadily employed to advance the literary merits, and to elevate the literary reputation of Vermont.

If, then, we deem it necessary to condemn the work before us, and to animadvert upon some portions of it with severity, it is not because it made its first appearance among us. We trust, that we have formed our judgement of its character from the publication itself, and that any strictures, which we may make, however they may savour of

scorn and be tinctured with acrimony, will be occasioned solely by its demerits.

Before we proceed further, we feel it necessary to offer an apology to our readers for noticing the work at all. Considered in itself, it is, we are sensible, beneath criticism.—The subject, however, is such, as will, perhaps, give it no inconsiderable degree of circulation. Few books, with the mass of readers, are sought with more eagerness, and read with more avidity, than histories of the Indian wars. This work, then, may be read by many, and on these its influence, as far as it extends, must be hurtful. Such is the studied contempt, with which it treats orthodoxy, such is the derision and hatred, to which it labours to hold up soundness in the faith and zeal and firmness in its defence, such is the obloquy, which it endeavours to cast upon the fathers of New-England, men, who deservedly rank with the most excellent characters, who have adorned any age, or country, men, who possessed the wisdom of sages, the courage of martyrs and the piety of saints, that if it has any effect, it can be productive only of mischief. This tendency of the work, as far as any exposure and reprehension of ours can reach, we are anxious to counteract.

We have another reason for not allowing this work to pass unnoticed. It is the dictate of retributive justice, that it should be subjected to the scourge. We could smile in silence at mere obscurity and froth and folly. We could suffer false taste, affected elegance, tinsel ornament, low puerility, pitiable ignorance and ridiculous mistakes to remain uncensured, and to go down unrebuked, to oblivion. But when malice undertakes to spit her venom on what we view most venerable and sacred, when she attempts to asperse the great and the good, when she labours to disparage truth and excellence, and to give countenance to error and

turpitude, however powerless may be the effort, it richly deserves chastisement, and the puny assailant of what should be revered and loved, ought to be held up to public abhorrence and scorn, before he is permitted to rot and be forgotten.

The first particular, with reference to which the work merits examination, is the extent of the historical information, which it contains.

On this point we are unable to make a favourable report. Greater poverty of intelligence, more extreme barrenness of facts, fully and distinctly related, we have rarely, if ever, discovered in any historical publication of equal size, which has come under our notice. A large variety of occurrences are, indeed, mentioned. Probably the principal incidents of the wars with the Indians in New-England are brought into view. These facts as far as our recollection extends, for we did not deem it worth our while to attempt a long and laborious comparison of the statements here given with other accounts, are, so far as they are carried, substantially correct. But scarcely a single transaction is fully and luminously exhibited; exhibited with its various circumstances, and in a manner which places it distinctly before the eye. Events, in general, are hinted at, rather than recounted. There is not that minuteness of description, that particularity of detail, which can create interest, or gratify curiosity. We have seldom, if at all, perused a work, in which the representations of facts were less vivid, and the relations so general as to fail more entirely of producing sympathy, and of deeply engaging the attention. Facts are also huddled together without order, and the transition from one to another is often sudden and premature. Meagre and defective and unsatisfactory, therefore, must be the information, which any one will be able

to derive from this volume, concerning the Indian wars.

While the extent of information, on great and interesting particulars, is inconsiderable, many trivial circumstances are introduced, circumstances of no moment in themselves and possessing no importance in the publick estimation.

Very little short of one half of the volume is employed in discussing various questions respecting the population, complexion, constitution, character, customs, and habits of the aborigines of America, their civilization, arts, government, laws, religion and antiquities. We were here especially struck with the frequency of the repetitions, which occur. If the latter part of the work were so condensed as to avoid going twice over the same ground, it would not extend much beyond half its present size. The instances of repetition are too numerous for us to particularize. Similar ideas, in nearly the same language, may be found on pages 214 and 239, 228 and 243, 229 and 330, 218 and 251, and 234 and 285. But after all, that we have said, we readily allow, that the volume evinces a considerable share of reading and some extent of research.

To exhibit all, that is incorrect and grovelling and affected in style, and erroneous and puerile and paltry in sentiment, would require an inordinate portion of our work, and would occasion too gross a trespass upon the patience of our readers. With a few specimens, however, of the mistakes as to fact, of the blunders as to language, and of the obscurity and frivolousness as to thought, which "the history of the Indian wars" affords, they shall be furnished.

We present our readers with the following sentences to exercise their ingenuity at *guessing*. If they can conjecture the writer's meaning, they will do more, we cheerfully acknowledge, than we have been able to effect.

"She," New-England, "aims to ascend from the mute elements of nature to act on the intellectual and moral system, which is so ennobling to man and so accordant with heaven. This can make a desert blossom and convert a bleak and barren region almost into the primitive Eden of purity and enjoyment." p. 15.

If the author had only inserted a note, informing his readers what the *mute* elements of nature are, in distinction from the other, we conclude noisy, elements, and what particular system, the moral and intellectual system is, what its distinguishing characteristics are, he would have done us a considerable favour. He would have spared us the expence of not a little time and trouble. He would have saved us from the necessity of puzzling our heads to discover, whether he had any idea, which he intended to convey; and if any, what it actually is, points, which, we must admit, now rest in the most profound uncertainty. And surely, if "ascending from the mute elements of nature to act on the intellectual and moral system," can be productive of such wonderful and blessed effects, what it is thus to ascend deserved explanation, and the outlines of the intellectual and moral system were well worthy of developement.

"Wickliffe and Erasmus and Melancthon were the lights of that memorable era," the reformation. "Luther and Calvin had daring spirits and wrought still greater wonders, completing what had been so gloriously begun, till the system of aged errors was overturned or at least received a wound, from which it was never to recover." p. 18.

Who, from this representation, would suppose, that Wickliffe and Luther were any thing less than contemporaries? Who would conclude, that Wickliffe had been in his grave a century when Luther was born? Yet such is the fact,

Wickliffe dying in 1384, and Luther being born in 1483. Who would not also be led to believe, that that glorious achievement, the reformation, was commenced by Erasmus and Melanchthon, which Luther and Calvin had merely the honour of completing? But, who is ignorant, that Luther alone began the great work of reformation, that he singly dared to throw the gauntlet at that stupendous power, which overawed Europe, and that it was not, till years after he had engaged in the fearful contest with the Romish hierarchy, that Melanchthon became his coadjutor? Who also is unacquainted with the character and conduct of Erasmus? Great, truly, was his merit as a scholar, signal were his services in promoting the restoration of learning, and high will be the rank, which, in every age, will be assigned him, in the republick of letters. But his timidity and his tergiversation, with respect to religion, have fixed an indellible stigma upon his reputation, and have subjected his name to deep and deserved reproach. For some time, although, to a degree, he secretly countenanced and encouraged the reformers, he hung, in a cowardly and dishonorable neutrality, ballancing between his fears and his convictions, between his sense of duty and his dread of danger, between his regard for truth and his attachment to his interest. At length, urged on by the menaces of the Church of Rome, and allured by her promises of honour and emolument, he commenced an attack upon Luther and his principles, and embarked the weight of his talents and learning, and the influence of his character, against the reformation.

"With every appearance of friendship, 347 persons were killed in one hour and almost at the same instant of time." p. 33.

The perpetrators of this massacre must have been singular adepts in the art of butchery. Their skill must have

been so exquisite, that it entirely transcends our conceptions. We are utterly unable to conjecture how, "with" *any* "appearance of friendship," a man's throat can be cut, his head cleft with a tomahawk, or his heart pierced with a dagger.

"There was for the Pequots no escape. Whom the flames did not devour, the sword met. *Five or six hundred* perished in *as many minutes.*" p. 48.

This may appear to the writer very rapid execution.— But, that the savages should have survived the action of fire and sword more, than eight or ten hours, would strike us as a more extraordinary fact, than their entire destruction in that period. They must, in that case, we apprehend, have been formed of other materials, than flesh and blood. To compute time by minutes to the amount of five or six hundred, is to us a novel mode of reckoning. Perhaps, however, it is employed, as a rhetorical artifice, intended to make the whole period seem inconsiderable, by dividing it into a large number of insignificant portions. The time actually consumed in completing the destruction of the Pequots, of whom five or six hundred, indeed, perished, was, Dr. Trumbull informs us, a little more than an hour.

"After some years, Mr. Elliot prevailed with him," John Sausaman, "to return back to Natick, where, after *confessing* repentance of his apostacy, he became a preacher, when his old sins were only spurs to his new zeal." p. 54.

Seldom have we met with a more exact imitation of the quaint and punning style of Bunyan, Flavel &c. and the author bids fair, with attention, to become an eminent proficient in that school.

"She" Mrs. Howe, "was carried to Canada and afterwards employed in a French family, where both the father and the son

fell in love with the fair captive. The father had a wife, who, together with the chill of years, left him in less danger from the fiery darts of Cupid, while Mrs. Howe was not so obliging as Dido. When she was exchanged, and passed across Lake Champlain under the kind protection of Major Putnam, the son still followed her in all the phrenzy of his passion. He threw himself into the Lake, and swam after the boat, which conveyed her away; and whether the chill waters extinguished his passion or his life, it has never been ascertained." p. 118.

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?—*Hor.*

The introduction of "the fiery darts of Cupid," and of "Dido," is a trespass upon the rights, and an invasion of the province of the puling novelist and of the immature school boy. In speaking of licentiousness, with so complacent a spirit and so simpering an air, the writer affords no very favourable indication of the strictness of his own principles, or of the purity of his own mind. We are surprised, that he had not undertaken to solve the question, which he starts, respecting the effect of "the chill waters" upon the passion or the life of the son. We should naturally imagine, that *he* would have pursued his inquiries and not have left so *momentous* a subject involved in darkness, and wrapped up in mystery. *His* judgment, we should suppose, would have told *him*, that this was a fair exception to the rule,

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus

Inciderit.—*Hor.*

"Some of these," Indian relics, "are buried several feet beneath the surface of the ground, and must have belonged to owners, who lived in *the times of* other centuries, much *older* than the present surface of our soil, or the trees of our forests, which have themselves risen since, and grown old one growth upon another, over the ashes of warriors and the sleeping millions, who have had their day and have passed down the bourne of re-

turnless time. A great portion of our soil was once the animated dust of mortals, once fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, warriors and *lovers*, friends and foes. The dust, which now nourishes a plant, might have once been another mighty Cesar, or an ambitious Buonaparte troubling the repose of the nations of the western world." pp. 173, 174.

We here present our readers with an attempt of our author to get upon stilts and to furnish us with a specimen of elegant composition, and touching morality. What to make of the word "bourne" we were at first quite at a loss. Its universal acceptation, at present, we presume, is boundary or limit.

"That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn," not up whose bourn, "No traveller returns."

But, we were happily relieved from our perplexity by recollecting, that the writer might have learned, that bourn, as long ago as the days of Spenser, meant a little brook or torrent, and, that he might suppose, it would savour of the dignity and beauty of poetry, and be a deviation from the beaten track of expression, to use it for stream or current. We conclude, therefore, that he means nothing more nor less, by "the bourn," than the little brook or torrent "of returnless time." Bourn, in this sense, occurs again at page 179.

We will here introduce, as a companion to the former, another passage, on which we had fixed, which the author intended should have contained a finely delineated and affecting portrait of the horrors of war. It will show how easily he can attain and how well support elevation.

"They," wars "are made up of terror and death, of waste and captivity, of individual sufferings and publick losses. Houses were so many garrisons; dangers were in the fields; the fire-

side felt alarms; the nights were sleepless; property was nowhere secure; and to *step out of doors was to meet death.*" p. 113.

We have another picture, but in a different style, to lay before our readers.

"Sometimes they," the Indians, "are the merriest creatures in nature, when things move according to all their wishes. They feel so light, as almost to mount up with the air, and their hearts are so full of *satisfactions*, that they seem incapable of containing their furious and extravagant joys. They dance, they sing, they feast, and their pleasures seem too great to keep the heart from bursting with the *swells* of raptures." p. 226.

Our author regrets, that greater care has not been employed to preserve vocabularies of the words, contained in the different Indian languages. The vocabularies, he remarks, which have been formed, furnish strong evidence of the high antiquity and of the Asiatick origin of the Indian tribes. So extensive has been his reading upon this subject, so wide and profound have been his etymological researches, that he has been able to bring forward six or seven Indian words, and the same number of terms from the languages of Asia, so closely, we conclude, resembling each other in his view, that the inference is inevitable, that they must have been derived from a common source. That our readers may see what a knock-down blow scepticism, with regard to the origin of the aborigines of America, has received, we present them with the precious *morceau*.

"*Nom* is the name of God among the Poconchi tribe of Indians; among the Semoyads in Asia it is changed to *Nim*. The Delaware Indians use the name of *Kitchi*, and the Kamptchadals in Asia say *Kootcha*. The Indians of Pennsylvania use the word *anna* and the Peruvians *mama* for mother, while in Asia the Tartars say *ana* and the Albanians *mamma*. The Delaware

Indians in America say *nachk* for a hand, and the Akashini say *nak*. The Chilese name of blood is *molbuen*, in Asia the Koriaki call it *moollyomool*. The name of ice among the Chippewas in America, is *meequarme*, while among the Kazees in Asia it is *meek*." p. 191.

"Their huts are the sink of impurity; and their noses must always be in a *state* of purgatory, but with the difference of having no hope of relief from torments." p. 229.

"Purgatory. A place, in which souls are supposed, by the papists, to be purged by fire from carnal impurities, before they are received into heaven."—*Johnson*.

Our author, however, seems to think, there are various states in purgatory, in which different modes of punishment are employed, and that being infested with unsavoury odours is one of the methods of torture there applied.

"Clam-shells formed convenient spoons, and their fingers made very durable knives and forks." p. 260.

These are circumstances, the introduction of which evinces a very *refined* taste and an *elevated* mind; and which truly suit well the dignity of history.

We find "*preventative*," used for *preventive*, at p. 262, and "*lay*" for *lie*, at p. 265. "Persons exposed to the open air have learned to *lay* with their feet to the fire."—In several instances we noticed, by an error in the press we conclude, *relicts* introduced in the room of *relios*.

The opinions of our author, with regard to the moral and religious character of the Indians, are crude and inaccurate.

"The control they acknowledged was the *moral* sense of right and wrong. p. 211. The Indians read in the volume of nature, truths which none is so rude as not to be able to understand. Reason and conscience raise a voice which will be heard by all. To this the savage listened, and of course was certain to

be instructed in a part of his duty." p. 284. "The savage, who could not soon comprehend a metaphysical question, would be at no loss respecting what was right between man and man. Although no one single ray from the light of divine revelation has shone on the road to heaven, and no messenger from God has instructed him in his will, yet the untutored mind perceives the Great Spirit in every department of nature, and, while he beholds, he feels it a duty to adore." pp. 294—5.

An attempt is here made to exalt to an undue height and to clothe with an unmerited value the instructions, derivable from the light of nature. How far the Indians "acknowledged the control of the *moral* sense of right and wrong;" who is so totally a stranger to their character, as to be ignorant? From what did this control restrain them, to which their passions urged, or temptation allured them? What atrocious cruelty did it prevent? In what instance did it withhold them from exacting, for a slight injury, or a trifling affront, the most terrible expiation? Where did it ever hinder them from harbouring the fell spirit of revenge, for years, and seeking its full gratification, by the most ruthless vengeance. The Indians have uniformly appeared utterly devoid of moral restraint. They have been, with scarcely an exception, dishonest, intemperate, perfidious, revengeful and merciless. In no part of their duty, were they at all adequately instructed. At a deplorable distance were they, from discovering "what was right between man and man."

If at all legible by the untutored mind in "the volume of nature," how is it, that all do not there read the same great truths of religion? If reason and conscience utter their voice to all, how happens it, that they teach such discordant lessons, and inculcate such absurd, such worthless and even such noxious principles? In spite of reason, conscience and

the volume of nature, we deem it not too much to affirm, that mankind, left to themselves, would remain entire strangers to the being, character and will of God, and in extreme ignorance of every portion of their duty. Never would they discern the Great Spirit, nor be led to adore him. The whole of the religious opinions of the Indians are, we are most firmly persuaded, simply the meagre, the maimed, and distorted remains of an original revelation, handed down, by tradition, from sire to son, through successive generations.

The story of the Mexican father, of Conrad Wieser, and of the tribes "high up the Missouri," we consider, as well nigh, if not completely, fabulous. Such relations the foes of christianity have often fabricated, and sent abroad, to disparage the religion of Christ and lower it in the publick estimation. The Chinese, the Hindoos, and the natives of this Continent, have been exhibited, as models of innocence and purity and benevolence, and the inference has been drawn from premises, groundless as any Utopian dream, that christianity has no salutary influence upon the human mind, and is not worth diffusing.

The opinion, expressed respecting the time, when christianity may be successfully disseminated among the Indians, is a common, but a false and noxious one. It is the opinion of the modern school of infidelity. There has the sentiment been strenuously maintained, that it is philosophical instruction alone, that is, solely the diffusion of science and the arts, which can melt the fierceness of the savage into mildness, and brighten his ignorance into wisdom ;— which can dissolve the bonds of immemorial and inveterate prejudices, and burst asunder the shackles of rigid and obstinate habits, and prove the mighty means of effecting

a melioration of his character, and an improvement of his condition, redeeming him from the rank of "a brutal adjunct to enlightened and civilized man," to intelligence and humanity, to virtue and happiness.

"When the useful arts shall have increased the means of subsistence, when something like science shall have thrown light into their darkened minds, when civilization shall have produced order and laid restraints upon their wild passions, then the mild religion of the Redeemer can be introduced with salutary effects, and be made to yield a rich harvest of christian virtues, producing purity, light and felicity, savoring of heaven, and worthy of its origin." p. 307.

How, without christianity, shall the light of science, and the refinements and arts of civilized life be introduced and diffused among the Indians, and when will such an event occur? To no great extent, it is to be feared, till the race has perished from the earth. Why may not the gospel of Christ be promulgated in the outset, and be made the means of bringing to the savage the blessings of science and civilization? If this course be not pursued, long will it be, we apprehend, before the Indian will know the benefits, and experience the happiness of religion. The experiment has elsewhere been made, and made with complete success. The Hottentot and the Esquimeaux have felt the influence, and they now enjoy the rich blessings, of the religion of Christ.

But, our most serious ground of censure against this work is the deadly hostility, which it manifests against the religious principles and the religious characters of the fathers of New-England. This hostility is evinced by the sarcasms and the sneers, in which, whenever he can hunt up an occasion of uttering them, the writer indulges himself without

restraint against those venerable men. Not more rancorous and unappeasable was the hatred of Voltaire, of Hume, and of Gibbon to the gospel of Christ, than that, which our author displays towards correct principles in religion and towards ardent, strict and consistent piety.

“ Happily, our national and state constitutions secure, as far as human writings go, our religious liberties with a magnanimous and christian liberality. But though guarded by even this palladium, yet were the church allied to the state and armed with its power, those who should dare think for themselves, not of the denomination protected by law and not of the sect of infallibility, would soon find out, whether they had the courage of martyrs. The present cry of heresy against the slightest shades of difference in those who exercise their understandings, not in cases which concern practical virtue, but merely in metaphysical speculations, and accompanied with still further menaces of excommunications, which have become so common as to be little regarded, together with real disabilities and with the whole tremendous discharge of the artillery of slander from those who would claim exclusive orthodoxy for themselves, plainly shows what the weak must expect, while the standing order is aggrieved and St. Peter offended, as well as points out what disinterested benevolence would do, if it could, and who would be the first to set fire to the faggots.” p. 20.

Our author has here adopted the cant of every licentious advocate of infidelity and irreligion, and of every unprincipled and daring propagator of error and impiety and guilt. They, forsooth, are the individuals, who “ dare think for themselves.” They, truly, are the men, who venture to “ exercise their understandings.” With wonderful modesty, they claim to themselves all the wisdom and learning, all the candour and courage in the world. To them belong exclusively all earnest solicitude and all strenuous en-

deavours for the discovery of the truth. The rest of mankind, if their testimony is to be credited, are the easy dupes of antiquated systems, the blind and bigoted adherents of musty creeds, the stupid and obstinate believers in absurd and unintelligible dogmas. They are degraded and pitiable beings, who suffer their minds to be held in leading-strings, mere children in understanding, who believe they know not what, and they know not why.

But what we would gladly know, a point which we suspect it did not comport with our author's views to explain, are these "slightest shades of difference," not in cases, which concern *practical virtue*, but merely in metaphysical speculation," which excite such bitter animosity, and call forth such deep-toned execrations, on the part of those, "who would claim exclusive orthodoxy for themselves?" Not a few, probably, would tell you, that whether a man "believe in one God, twenty Gods or no God," has nothing to do with *practical virtue*. "It neither picks" ones "pocket, nor breaks" his "leg." Every prominent and fundamental doctrine of the gospel, might be discarded, all that relates to the dignity of Christ, to the object of his mission, to the conditions of salvation, to human depravity, and the influences of the divine Spirit, might be set aside, and still, if the moral precepts of christianity remained untouched, nothing might be thought removed, which has any concern "*with practical virtue*." But does a rejection of the great doctrines of the trinity, of the atonement of Christ, of the original corruption and the entire depravity of the unrenewed heart, of justification by the Redeemer's righteousness, of regeneration by the special agency of the Holy Spirit, and of a state of interminable bliss, or endless woe, upon the close of life ; does a rejection of these doctrines constitute

simply the "slightest shades of difference" and that "merely in metaphysical speculations?" If there are any essential principles of the gospel, these are of the number. Discard these principles and you change the face of the religion of Christ. You undermine the basis, you tear away the pillars of the christian's hope. You annul the charter of his privileges. You blot out the light, that guides and cheers him, and you cast darkness and gloom over all his prospects. If there are no essential truths belonging to the religion of Christ, the whole system is trivial and unimportant. To exhibit the great doctrines of christianity as unessential, is, then, striking a deadly blow at the vitals of religion, and a no less fatal blow at the interests "of practical virtue." That it is the design of our author to brand, if possible, all those precious truths of God's word, which the pious, in every age, have viewed as venerable and sacred, have embraced and loved, and have found the support and rejoicing of their hearts, as mere metaphysical speculations, we have the fullest conviction. The assertion, that the cry of heresy has been recently raised "against the slightest shades of difference, merely in metaphysical speculations," unless disowning those grand truths of religion, which we have named, constitutes simply that difference, is, we boldly aver, a barefaced and notorious falsehood. In what solitary instance, we would gladly learn, have those, who embrace the doctrines of grace, been denounced? Those, who accord in these great principles, however they may differ in explaining them, and however they may disagree in their metaphysical speculations, cheerfully acknowledge each other as brethren, and are united in the bonds of christian fellowship and affection. No; it is not against slight shades of difference in metaphysical speculations, that the cry of

heresy is raised ; it is simply against the adoption of principles, grossly corrupt and deleterious, principles laying the axe at the root of religion and virtue. The insinuation, which is made, that the spirit of usurpation and intolerance, which characterized the pretended successors of St. Peter, now actuates the friends of orthodoxy is base and groundless. The attempt to fix upon them an odious epithet, and by that means to subject them to reproach and hatred, is one of the foul and unprincipled artifices, to which malignity has often resorted, to hunt down men, *of whom the world was not worthy*. The suggestion, that they are, at heart, ripe for commencing the barbarous work of persecution, is an infamous calumny. We have some little acquaintance with the clergy, and with others, who are the staunch adherents of sound theology, and we know not an individual, of whom we do not conscientiously believe, that his heart would revolt at the thought. The utmost extent of their wishes is, the liberty of excluding from the religious societies, to which they belong, those who embrace tenets, in their view, at war with pure christianity and subversive of vital godliness ; tenets, dangerous to the souls of men, and destructive of human virtue and happiness. This liberty, certainly, cannot be denied them, without infringing the inalienable rights of conscience, and compelling them to acknowledge that individual, as a brother, and to extend to him the hand of fellowship, of whom they are persuaded, that he is an enemy of the cross of Christ, that he is undermining the best interests of man for this life, and blighting his best hopes for the eternal world. That it is in perfect accordance with the strictest propriety, to express our strong and decided disapprobation of the opinions and characters of those, who embrace grossly erroneous and noxious senti-

ments, not only by our censures, but also by refusing to associate with them, common sense must tell every man, not deaf to her voice. This course an Apostle inculcates, as an imperious demand of duty, a demand to be complied with, on the most fearful alternative ; and he enjoins it, not in the courteous phraseology of modern liberality, not in terms, softened down to suit the sickly sensibility of modern candour. *If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed : for he, that biddeth him God speed, is partaker of his evil deeds. From such, says another Apostle, withdraw thyself.*

The power of excommunication, when employed against the most barefaced and mischievous heresy, is now, indeed, usurpation and tyranny, and evinces a desire of “reviving the infallibility of human creeds, and consequent persecution for religious opinions.” But, what would the martyrs of Smithfield, what would Ridley and Latimer, and Hooper and Cranmer have said of Romish intolerance and cruelty, had they been merely subjected to an exclusion from the communion of the Catholick church ? Would they have raised the outcry of bigotry and persecution ? No ; they would have wondered at the moderation and equity of their adversaries, and they would have been ready, on their knees, to bless them for their forbearance and humanity. Our author concludes the paragraph, on which we have just offered some animadversions, with a sneer at disinterested benevolence. But the rancour of his heart is not thus satisfied. He afterwards finds an occasion of loading it with another sarcasm.

“Even the *good* christians of New-England, with all their faith in the doctrine of disinterested benevolence, sold those, whom they took in war, as slaves to the West-Indies.” p. 204.

Does our author intend to convey the opinion, that the noblest principle, that the holiest motive, that the most sublime and ingenuous consideration, by which any human being is influenced, is one purely selfish, one exclusively interested and mercenary? Does he design to fix on every individual, who professes to believe, that the spirit of pure religion, that the essence of real holiness, is comprised in disinterested benevolence, and who avows a hope of his own piety, the imputation of the direst malevolence and of the most fiend-like cruelty, and the brand of the basest hypocrisy? Nothing short of this is, obviously, his profligate intention.

We would remark here, that if our author were not an extreme novice with regard to the date of theological opinions, he would have been aware, that the practice of resolving all moral excellence, all true religion, into disinterested benevolence, is of a recent origin. Among the first settlers of New-England, the subject of disinterested benevolence was not agitated. It is a topick, the discussion of which had not then been started. It forms one of the prominent peculiarities of Hopkinsianism. The venerable fathers of New-England were, however, without doubt, too well studied in their bibles, and too sound in their religious opinions, not to be conscious, that the man, who loved God, not from a sense of the superlative glory and excellence of his character, but solely from sinister and selfish considerations, and who valued religion, not from a view of its inherent loveliness and worth, but simply from interested and mercenary motives, must be an object base and culpable to the eye of reason, and an object of decided abhorrence to the divine mind.

“ Rhode Island, not being deemed sufficiently orthodox on tenets much agitated in those days, was not usually invited to

join the *holy* bands in the wars against the savages. Connecticut raised her quota of 190 men, placed under the conduct of Capt. Mason. About 60 Mohegans and 200 Narragansets were permitted, without any religious scruples, to join on the way in these *holy crusades*. The troops from Massachusetts did not arrive in season for the main action, having been detained by disputes and decisions concerning the covenant of grace and of works, a controversy introduced by the celebrated Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, a zealous antinomian of Boston, who was banished for her opinions by the *meek* and *benevolent* christians and clergy of that colony, and sent near New-Haven among the Indians, who soon murdered both her and her numerous family. Few as the Connecticut troops were, when they arrived at the place of action, some not being considered by all quite orthodox on a few points in theology, were dismissed. They imagined that the blessing of God would not follow their arms, while there was one heretical Achan in the camp to trouble the hosts of Israel. Reduced to 90, who though few were found to be sound in the ordeal of orthodoxy, they were resolved, however, to proceed, without delay." pp. 43, 44.

This paragraph is filled with mistakes and misrepresentations, with derision of orthodoxy and taunts against religion.

Another reason, than the want of orthodoxy, may be given, why Rhode Island was not requested to unite in the war against the Pequots. What aid could have been anticipated, when the settlement of that colony was commenced, only the year before the expedition against the Pequots was undertaken? Roger Williams fixed himself at Providence in 1636 and, in 1637, the destruction of the Pequots was accomplished.

A war undertaken to punish robbery and murder, to prevent future outrages, and even to ward off inevitable ruin, a war strictly of self-defence, is sneeringly compared to

those frantick attempts to recover the Holy Land, which exhibited some of the most glaring displays of human infatuation and folly, with which mankind have ever been disgraced.

Mrs. Hutchinson was not only erroneous and fanatical in her opinions; but she was turbulent and seditious in her conduct. She traduced the clergy and made every exertion to disturb the publick tranquillity, and to kindle the flames of discord. Surely, in banishing so troublesome a member of the community, there could be no heinous guilt. Had not our author been intent on slandering "the meek and benevolent christians and clergy" of Massachusetts, he would never have charged the murder of this woman and her family upon them. She was, indeed, banished from the colony; but she was left at liberty, with regard to the place, to which she should retire. She first repaired to Rhode Island, and it was not, till after the death of her husband, a period of nearly, if not quite, five years, that she removed into the Dutch territory, beyond New-Haven. She was banished in November 1637, and she removed, in 1642, and fixed herself beyond New-Haven.

The number of men, raised in Connecticut, was only 90 instead of 190. Instead of sending back a part of these, when they had arrived at the scene of action, they were sent back from Saybrook and a portion of the garrison, in that place, supplied the deficiency, occasioned by their departure. They returned to strengthen the infant and exposed settlements of the colony, during the absence of so large a portion of its efficient force, not from any suspicion of unsoundness in their religious opinions. But, we would ask, can the man be less, than a thorough-paced infidel, can he fall short of utterly rejecting and disregarding the sacred scriptures, who can deride the belief, that the curse of God

may follow, and his frown blast an enterprize, on account of the irreligion and guilt of those, by whom it is attempted?

"The English troops were very orthodox no doubt, but their wild excesses are to be deeply regretted; and it must be allowed by all that their barbarities were some times such as to make them differ very little in character from that of the savages themselves! And if christians could conduct as these did, what worse could infidels do? Orthodox creeds do not always sanctify the heart and conduct." p. 50.

What inference can be drawn from all this, but the corrupt and noxious one, that christians are no better, than infidels, and that christianity is of no higher value, and is attended with no more salutary influence upon mankind, than infidelity. From the little respect, with which our author treats orthodoxy, we should conclude that he not only thinks, that "Orthodox creeds do not always sanctify the heart and conduct," but that they never have any tendency to meliorate the human character, an opinion, however, not in strict accordance with the word of God. *Sanctify them,* says our biessed Lord, *through thy truth: Thy word is truth. Of his own will,* says an Apostle, *begat he us with the word of truth.*

We shall introduce, for animadversion, but one passage more from the work, under review. Speaking of the barbarities of the Indians, and having declared, that "though we call the savages cruel, yet their cruelties are tender mercies," compared with the misery, caused by the Spanish, in South America, with the sufferings, inflicted by the English in Bengal, with the tortures of the inquisition, or with the massacre in Paris, or St. Bartholomews day, 1572, our author proceeds, "or compared with the atrocities of the very founders of New-England, when, in 1676, they

tried and executed by English laws, the Indians, who had surrendered, with views of being safe, at least, in their persons."

He chose, it seems, to draw a veil over the scenes of that monstrous tragedy of bloodshed and cruelty, acted by the modern Jacobins and infidels of revolutionary France. To have exhibited their ruthless barbarities, he may, perhaps, have thought, would be exposing the faults of allies and friends. For, they were not less hostile, than he is, to orthodox creeds. It would also have been inconsistent with another object, which he keeps constantly in view, ascribing to orthodoxy the most fell passions of our nature, and laying to the charge of christians the basest crimes, with which human annals have been blackened. But where, we would ask, is the evidence of "the atrocities of the very founders of New-England?" No engagement was violated, for no promise of safety is pretended to have been given. They, there, simply put to death Indian warriors, who in violation of treaties, and in despite of the most solemn promises and the most sacred engagements, had commenced hostilities against the colonies, and who, from their notorious perfidy and their deep-rooted hatred, it was well known, would have been ready, if spared, on the first favorable opportunity, to ravage and desolate anew the English settlements. It was a necessary precaution, to ensure safety to themselves and their families.

What is actually the intention of the author of this book, whether to aid the cause of infidelity and open irreligion, or simply to aim a blow at orthodoxy, it is impossible for us to determine. It is, however, directly calculated to ensure both objects. The persuasion, which a reader must derive from this work concerning the fathers of New-England, unless he believes it, a tissue of deception and calum-

ny, is, that with high professions of piety, and with the warmest zeal for divine truth, they were, at heart, the rankest hypocrites and the most savage barbarians, such barbarians, that Indian cruelties whiten into tender mercy, by the side of their fell atrocities. In this light are those wise, those venerable and godly men exhibited, from whom we have received our civil, literary and religious institutions and our moral and virtuous habits, which have rendered New-England one of the fairest spots on our globe. Let a conviction be firmly established in the mind, that christians were formerly such detestable characters; and will not the suspicion of hypocrisy and villany fasten on every man, who manifests a warm attachment to religion and who maintains a consistent and proper strictness of deportment? As an inevitable consequence, will not the scriptures and christianity be esteemed a fable and a chimaera? The professors of a lax theology, who never fail to exhibit a corresponding latitude of practice, will not furnish evidence of the reality and excellence of religion, sufficiently powerful to redeem it from contempt and infamy.

This work, then, is adapted to create in the minds of the young, the uninformed and the unwary, for on others it can have no influence, the most mischievous and unfounded associations. It is plainly suited to lead them to associate hypocrisy and corruption, with the appearance of piety, and the most dire malignity, with zeal for divine truth. Its tendency is, therefore, such, that the author, whosoever he may be, richly merits the severest detestation of every individual, who values publick virtue, who reveres and loves the religion of Christ, and who highly prizes the best interests and the eternal happiness of his fellow men. That Parent, we cannot but declare, lost to his duty, and regardless of the welfare of those, whom God has committed to

his charge; who allows the "History of the Indian wars" to be within the reach of his children to corrupt their principles and poison their minds, and to lay the foundation of their irreligion and guilt, of their misery and perdition.

DEPARTMENT

OF THE

SCIENCES AND ARTS.

VERMONT GLASS FACTORY.

It will probably be gratifying to a large proportion of our readers to see, in the pages of the *Repertory*, some account of this new, and valuable establishment—some authentick information, relating to its *situation*, its *advantages*, and its *present state*.

The Glass-Factory is *situated* in the town of Salisbury, on the north shore of Lake Dunmore. This collection of water takes its name from the late Lord Dunmore, who, before the revolutionary conflict, which separated America from England, was governor of Virginia. He owned the land, adjoining the Lake, made a visit to it, waded into the water, broke a bottle, and gave it his own name; by which it is still known. One of the witnesses of this transaction was living at Vergennes, a few years since; and the Hon. Gamaliel Painter of Middlebury, is well acquainted with the fact.

The Lake is about five miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile and a half in breadth. The north part of it lies in Salisbury, and the south in Leicester. The water, considering the smallness of the quantity, is unusually deep,

and remarkably pure. It proceeds from springs, which have their origin on a lofty mountain, east of the Lake, none of which are more than three miles distant from it. The land, bordering on the water, is not, like that in the vicinity of most other lakes, low and marshy; but is elevated and pleasant; the air is clear, and the climate uncommonly salubrious.

This Lake has been notorious for the number and magnitude of the fish, which it produced. Trout have been caught here, which weighed upwards of twenty pounds. In consequence of the unusual size of its fish, it is denominated, on Whitlaw's Map of the State, *Big Trout Pond*, or *Lake Dunmore*.

A large portion of the Lake, and the land adjoining it, formerly belonged to Mr. Epaphras Jones. This gentleman was the first who suggested the idea of its being a peculiarly favourable spot for the manufacture of glass; and who had the honour of being the principal instrument in the formation of a company for that purpose. The Legislature of the State, on petition, cheerfully granted, to Mr. Jones and his associates, an act of incorporation, to which very liberal privileges were attached. Mr. Jones now resides in the neighbourhood of the Factory, and is the company's General Agent for the erection of the buildings, and the inspection of the works.

The Company own about two thousand acres of land, which lies, chiefly, around a large bay of the Lake, and commands its only outlet. On this outlet stands a saw-mill, in the vicinity of which exists a sufficient quantity of good timber to keep it in operation for many years to come.— Their land also commands the main stream, which supplies the Lake, and on which a head and fall may easily be made to carry any mechanical works, which the Company may hereafter deem it profitable to erect.

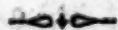
It is believed that no establishment of this kind, in the northern states, enjoys more numerous, or greater, *advantages*, from its local situation, than the Vermont Glass Factory. At least, this is the opinion of the ingenious and persevering superintendent of the Factory, Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft. "Sand," says he, in a note received from him a few days since, "is found on the shores of the Lake. Wood stands in exhaustless abundance in the immediate vicinity of the Factory. Fire-stone, an article hitherto brought, at great expense, from Connecticut, has been discovered within ten miles of the works. And the enormous charges heretofore incurred in the transportation of clay from Philadelphia, for the manufacture of pots for melting glass, is about to be avoided, by the discovery, that the Monkton Porcelain Earth will answer as good a purpose. From the unusual success," continues Mr. S. "which has attended these works, since their commencement, the many advantages, which they hold, and the variety of materials, with which the place abounds, for making all kinds of glass, we are led to believe, they will become one of the first establishments in the union."

Respecting the *present state* of the Vermont Glass Factory, it is necessary to add but few words. It is sufficient to state, that the works are now in full and complete operation. The first glass was blown in them about the middle of last September. It is now exhibited for sale in the stores of this village, and is beginning to circulate through a large section of the country.

Should the glass, produced at this Factory, prove as good as it now promises to be, the inhabitants of Vermont will derive incalculable benefit from the establishment. To have an article, so essential to the convenience and comfort of life, and so difficult of transportation, manufactured within the

limits of their own territory, is a circumstance of no inconsiderable importance.

The Company have it in contemplation to erect, before long, an additional manufactory for the making of flint glass of various descriptions; and for their encouragement in this enterprise, the Legislature of the State have recently granted them, for twelve years from the time of their last session, the exclusive privilege of manufacturing glass of all kinds:



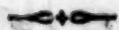
LUNAR RAINBOW.

We are happy to receive the ensuing notice of a Lunar Rainbow. We must remark, however, that the author would have added to the value of his communication, had he subscribed it with his real, instead of a fictitious, name. Every detail, of observations on the various phenomena of nature, is, we believe, always expected to carry with it the sanction of the observer's name. At least, this circumstance, in general, gives it a more favourable reception with the reader, and obtains for it, with greater facility, the credence of the publick.—The author's moral reflections seem to us more appropriate to the solar rainbow, than to the lunar. They are, therefore, omitted.

On Saturday evening, September 11th, 1813, at West-field, Mass. I observed both the primary and secondary rainbow, produced by the light of the moon. It was a little past eight o'clock,—the moon was not ten degrees above the horizon, and, being only one, or two, days after the full, and the sky pretty clear in the east, gave a bright light. From the S. W. nearly around to the N. a heavy, black, cloud was approaching, and pouring down its contents. The stillness of the night, the light in the east, the blackness of the west (except when illuminated with the coruscations of lightning) and the roar of thunder, all conspired

to render the scene extremely interesting, and to fill the mind with sublime feelings. Soon after I saw the primary bow, the secondary began to appear, and the arches of both were very large and complete. Several colours were distinguished in the primary bow. And, though the secondary was much fainter, it was very evident, that the colours were in a reverse order. The colours were, on the whole, more brilliant than I should have expected from the light of the moon. This phenomenon was witnessed by many individuals.

PHILALETHES.



COCCOLITE.

ABOUT two years since, several specimens of a mineral, which was said to be found near Lake Champlain, were handed to the writer of this article. He, at first sight, supposed the substance to be garnet, but, on a more attentive inspection, discovered that it differed from the garnet, in a number of particulars. Its crystals, if they may be denominated such, were not embedded in other substances, as the garnet, and, especially, as the precious garnet usually is, but were slightly combined together, apparently without the intervention of any foreign matter. The affinity of the parts for each other was so feeble, that merely by shaking a specimen of the mineral in the hand, a number of the particles would disengage themselves from the mass and fall off. The crystals were more irregular than those of the garnet; indeed they did not appear to be crystals, but granular, vitreous, concretions of matter, without any definite form.

Their colour, too, was unlike that of any garnet, which had ever fallen under my observation. There were sev-

eral distinct colours visible in the same mass; as dark brown, leek green, and pale red. In short, it seemed to bear no very striking resemblance to any mineral of which I had any knowledge. Being, at that time, engaged in packing up a box of American fossils to be transmitted to Mr. Allan, and Mr. Murray, two eminent mineralogists of Edinburgh, Scotland, I put in a small quantity of this *unknown*, and desired Mr. Allan to inform me what it was. In a letter, received from him, some months after, he observes, "Of the minerals, which you sent me, you ask my opinion respecting only one of them, viz. that found near Lake Champlain. It appears to me to be garnet, much in the same state as the Norway Colophonite, which is merely a granular garnet. Yours is mixed with a green substance, which, I think, is green garnet."

Professor Cleveland, of Bowdoin College, to whom I afterwards transmitted a specimen of this mineral, writes me as follows. "I have delayed writing, from time to time, hoping each week to be able to ascertain something respecting the *Incog.* from near Lake Champlain, of which you gave me Mr. Allan's opinion. I had a small piece of this substance before I received yours, and had paid some attention to it. I have, also, another mineral from near Ticonderoga, much resembling this, in some respects, that is, it is composed of distinct, separable, concretions, but of a uniform *black colour*. When they came to hand, I supposed both to be garnet, in an amorphous state. But soon after, receiving a small collection of minerals, put up by C. Munster, mineralogist to the king of Denmark, I discovered in it one substance perfectly resembling the above mentioned *black specimen*, and, on examination, have no doubt of their being the same fossil, that is, the *Black Coccolite*. We may, therefore, be assured, I think, that Champlain, or Ti-

conderoga, furnishes the *black* Coccolite; and if so, why not the green, and the brown Coccolite?

I have repeatedly examined the mineral in question with the blowpipe, with different flures, and found it to be much less fusible than any garnet I ever saw; and when fused it exhibits a different glass.

I wish you could see the fossil in its natural situation, and give its geological characters.

You perhaps observed some small *white* concretions in the specimen, which you sent me. I find a similar substance in the green coccolite of Norway. In both it is, I believe, chiefly carbonated lime."

Since the arrival of these letters, I have more thoroughly examined the characters of this mineral, and have compared its properties with the descriptions of the coccolite, given by Thomson, Brongniart, and Haüy, and as I discover, that they correspond more exactly with these, than they do with those of any other mineral, though from these they differ in certain particulars, I think it proper to reject the sentiment of the Scottish mineralogist, and to embrace that of Professor Cleveland.

This fossil is now in the hands of all the most distinguished chemists and mineralogists of our country. It is in the possession of Professor Silliman of Yale College, of Professor Brownwell of Union College, of Dr. Bruce of New-York, of Col. Gibbs and of Dr. Gorham, of Boston. If any of these gentlemen have subjected the substance to chemical analysis, or if they have, in any way, examined it sufficiently to be convinced that it is not coccolite, it is earnestly requested that they would make the result of their labours publick.

The coccolite, I am informed, is found in different places in the neighbourhood of Lake Champlain. One of the best specimens I have seen was brought from Charlotte.

I did not learn what bodies exist in the vicinity of it. Most of the mass consists of vitreous concretions, of a dark brown colour, and about half the size of a common pea. These are interspersed with small particles of beautiful green coccolite; with here and there a white spot of carbonate of lime. The whole are very easily separable. I have other pieces, found at a place, called Rodgers Rock, about eight miles from Ticonderoga. There, it composes a rock, weighing a number of tons, and is broken from it with a pick-axe. The specimens from this place exhibit a greater variety of colours than those from Charlotte. The grains are small, scarcely exceeding in magnitude a pin's head.

THE MEDLEY No. V.

Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavour.

COWPER.

Sir William Jones declares his regard for truth in the following beautiful stanza.—

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth;
'Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray;
'Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming, glow.

From the Port Folio.

The ensuing is from the pen of a young woman, in reply to the solicitations of her friends not to accompany her husband into exile.

VERSIFICATION, FROM THE BOOK OF RUTH.

Where'er thou goest, I will go,
O'er Egypt's sands, or Zembla's snow;

When'er thy weary eyelids close,
There will thy Charlotte seek repose.

Though on the naked earth we lie,
While tempests rule the dark'ning sky,
Still, still, undaunted will I be,
And find the holiest calm with thee.

That people whom thou call'st thine own,
Shall only to my heart be known,
And Our Great Father, God, above,
With equal warmth we both will love.

When'er thy last expiring breath,
Is yielded to relentless death,
On that same spot shall Charlotte die,
And in that tomb thy Charlotte lie.

The Lord do this, and more to me,
If more than this, part me from thee :
As living but one heart we own,
So dying we will still be one.

TOMORROW.—*By Cotton.*

To-morrow, didst thou say !
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow !
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor !—To-morrow !
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,

Unless perchance in the fool's calendar,
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are ; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments ;
For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales ;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Because though stationed on the important watch,
Thou like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the ground,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar,
For every fugitive ; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit !
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O ! let it not elude thy grasp ; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

From the Boston Gazette.

TO MY CIGAR.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctor's spite ;
I love thy fragrant, misty spell,
I love thy calm delight.

What if they tell, with phizzes long,

Our years are sooner past ?

I would reply, with reason strong,

They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild tube, to me thou art

A monitor, though still ;

Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,

Beyond the preacher's skill.

When, in the lonely evening hour,

Attended but by thee,

O'er hist'ry's varied page I pore,

Man's fate in thine I see.

Awhile like thee the hero burns,

And smokes and fumes around,

And then like thee to ashes turns,

And mingles with the ground.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives

To goodness every day ;

The fragrance of whose virtues lives,

When he has passed away.

Oft when thy snowy column grows,

And breaks and falls away,

I trace how mighty realms thus rose,

Then tumbled to decay.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,

One common doom is pass'd ;

Sweet nature's works, the mighty globe,

Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now ?

A little moving heap ;

That soon, like thee, to fate must bow,

Like thee in dust must sleep.

And when I see thy smoke roll high,

Thy ashes downward go,

Methinks 'tis thus my soul shall fly,

Thus leave my body low.

A huge Cigar are all mankind,

And time's the wasting breath,

That, late or early, we shall find,

Gives all to 'dusty death.'

MOSES.

ORIGINAL.

MESSERS. EDITORS,

I transmit, for your inspection, the following poetical effusion of Christopher R. Green, Esq. a resident of Charleston, S. Carolina; should the production pass the ordeal of your criticism, you will, by giving it a place in the Repertory, oblige a friend.

THE COTTAGE OF LAURELSTINE, NEAR CHARLESTON.

To this lov'd Cot, which blooming flow'rs adorn,
Where tuneful birds salute the rosy morn,
Where verdant shades invite to soft repose,
Where zephyrs waft the sweets those flow'rs disclose,
Where tranquil Peace, to bless those shades, descends,
Where happy Art, with smiling Nature blends—
To this lov'd Cot pure Friendship wings my soul;
True as the trembling needle to the pole.

Happy in solitude to pass my days,
Happy on Nature's sweetest charms to gaze,
To mark the bursting bud, the op'ning flower,
The leaves yet glist'ning from the falling show'r;
While from yon tree, where hangs the golden pear,
Soft notes of musick float in fragrant air—
Now high those notes in wildest rapture roll,
And now, melodious, steal the list'ning soul.

Thus, our first parents trod the blissful way,
 Fair as these flow'rs, and innocent as they,
 The songs of love arose from Eden's plain;
 The stars melodious, join the pious strain,
 Seraphick hosts celestial anthems raise,
 And conscious worlds resound their Maker's praise.

When the bright sun leaves his blue course on high,
 Sinks in the western wave and azure sky,
 The moon, ere yet the tears of night are seen,
 Pours her soft radiance o'er the silver scene!
 See, from yon Cot, the curling smoke arise;
 See, trembling leaves reflect their varying dyes!
 See, on yon clouds the sportive moonbeams play!
 See, tints more lovely than the blush of day!

When Laura deigns to bless this lov'd retreat,
 The scene seems fairer, and the flow'rs more sweet;
 The distant groves more beautiful appear,
 And all the varied landscape smiling near.
 The radiant stars a milder light bestow,
 And purer thoughts in softer numbers flow!
 'Mid fragrant flow'rs she moves with winning grace,
 While all her soul beams mildly from her face,
 The bland expression of a beauteous mind
 Enlighten'd, pious, glowing, and refin'd.

Parental love performs its sacred part,
 Her mind adorns, and consecrates her heart,
 With pious fervour owns the blessing giv'n,
 And, by example, leads a saint to heav'n.

May Laura's life, like some pure streamlet flow,
 And gentle love celestial joys bestow,
 Till Time conduct it to its deep repose,
 And o'er it ocean's foaming billows close!

Thus, when this little dream of life is o'er,
 And we can weep, and sigh, and grieve no more,
 Oh, Faith! transport us to a bright abode,
 A bleeding Saviour, and triumphant God!

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The following is the number of Young Gentlemen, who were graduated
 at the Colleges of New-England in 1813.

AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE	29
UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT	10
WILLIAMS' COLLEGE	20
BOWDOIN COLLEGE	6
BROWN UNIVERSITY	34
DARTMOUTH UNIVERSITY	41
YALE COLLEGE	67
HARVARD UNIVERSITY	58
Total,	265

A NEW WORK PROPOSED.

Jeremiah Day, Esq. Professor of Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy in Yale College, is now employed, in preparing for the press, a System of Mathematicks. The work is to comprehend the elementary principles of Algebra, Logarithms, Plane Trigonometry, Mensuration, Navigation, Surveying, Conick Sections, Spherical Geometry and Trigonometry, and Fluxions: to be published in six or seven Parts, amounting in the whole to two, or three octavo vol-

umes. The first Part will speedily be put to press. This work, it is intended, shall be studied by the successive classes in the flourishing Institution to which Professor Day is attached.

No American gentleman has, we believe, ever compiled a performance exactly similar to the one here contemplated. Pike's Arithmetic is a valuable production for the use of schools and academies ; but is by no means adapted to a full course of collegiate instruction. Its deficiencies are numerous and important. Professor Webber's system of Mathematicks, professedly prepared as a text-book for the students in Harvard University, is more extensive. It comprises more subjects, though it does not embrace Fluxions. But the matter, a great proportion of which is selected from the writings of Dr. Hutton, is not altered and accommodated to the present state of mathematical science in America. In some parts of the compilation, the author, either from an excessive desire to be concise, or from some other no less culpable cause, has rendered several of his definitions of questionable signification ; and a few of his operations unnecessarily obscure.

The want of such a work, as is proposed by Professor Day, has, we believe, been very generally felt by the cultivators of mathematical knowledge in our country, and, especially, by instructors. And if we may be allowed to judge from the well-known talents of the compiler, or from a slight inspection of the manuscript of the Algebraical Part, which we have had the pleasure of examining, we must conclude the performance will be of such a character, as to be deemed worthy of adoption, as a classick, not only in Yale, but in all the other Colleges and Universities in New-England, and, perhaps, in the United States.

Charles W. Hanson, Esq. has been elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of Maryland.

AMERICAN STEREOTYPES.

The Legislature of Connecticut, at its late session, incorporated a company for the manufacturing of stereotypes, at Hartford.

BILL OF MORTALITY.

Deaths in the town of Hartford, Con. in the year 1813 143

Deaths in the same town, in 1812, were but - - - 77

Deaths in the town of New-Haven, Con. in 1813, - - 223

Con. Cour.

A NEW DIVING MACHINE.

DIDOT, the famous French printer, lately published "a Memoir on the properties of a new diving-machine called a *Triton*," by which a person may, 1. Remain in the water as long as he pleases. 2. He may descend into the water to as great a depth as the column of water displaced by his bulk permits. 3. He may use his arms and legs and body at pleasure: he may walk or labor with ease, at that depth to which he has descended. 4. He runs no hazard: he may give notice when he thinks proper to those who, on the surface attend his operations. 5. He is not enclosed in the machine, which is but small, and does not prevent his entering into fissures, or narrow clefts. 6. The sea being often dark, as Halley informs us, he may carry a lantern down

with him to the depths of the sea, to enlighten the sub-marine grottoes, or the holds of vessels, into which he may have penetrated. 7. The machine is not costly. The principal novelty in this machine is the adoption of artificial lungs, by which the difficulty hitherto found of breathing in the sea is remedied

Panoplist.

VOLCANICK ERUPTION.

MR. Hamilton, of Nevis, has transmitted a long account of the eruption of the Souffriere, in the island of St. Vincent, in May, 1812, to the President of the Royal Society. This volcano had not experienced an eruption since 1718; the recent one was preceded by nearly 200 shocks of earthquakes during the twelve months before May. The most particular phenomenon noticed by the writer was the sound of the eruptions, which so much resembled the alternate firing of cannon and small arms, that the Captain of a ship of war convoying a fleet of merchantmen, conceiving that a privateer had attacked some of the rear vessels, made signal to the fleet to close, and steered towards the place whence the sound came. It was also remarked, that the noise was much greater at the distance of many leagues than it was in the island; a circumstance for which Mr. Hamilton is unable to account. By this eruption two rivers were dried up. Immense volumes of thick smoke were emitted before any flame appeared at the mouth of the crater; the flame was accompanied by successive shocks of the earth, thundering noise, and the discharge of large pieces of pumice during eight hours, without intermission. Several houses were thrown down in Kingston by the tremor, and many negroes were wounded by the pumice which struck them

in their plantations. The Souffriere is in a part of a great chain of mountains which pass through Nevis, and several other of the West-India Islands. Its crater is a mile in diameter, and about 900 feet deep. *Ibid.*

COMMENDABLE INDUSTRY.

THE following are the languages or dialects in which the British and Foreign Bible Society has already been instrumental in diffusing the Holy Scriptures ; in all fifty-nine.

English	Ladincche	Malay
Welsh	Churwelsche	Ethiopic
Gaelic	Italian	Orissa
Manks	Spanish	Persian
Irish	Portuguese	Persic
Mohawk	French	Burman
Esquimaux	Dutch	Siamese
German	Calmuëk	Afghan
Bohemian	Turkish	Turcoman
Swedish	Arabic	Sanscrit
Finnish	Ancient Greek	Seek
Laponese	Modern Greek	Telinga
Danish	Tamul	Carnatica
Icelandic	Bengalee	Macassar
Polish	Hindostanee	Rakheng
Hungarian	Malayalim	Mahratta
Slavonic	Chinese	Sinhali Pali
Lithuanian	Cingalese	Baloch
Lettonian	Burgis	Pushtu
Esthonian	Maldivian	

Ibid.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS ;

*Made at Middlebury College.**

JANUARY.

FEBRUARY.

	Day	Highest	Lowest	Mean.	Day	Highest	Lowest	Mean.
Jan.								
1813.	1	36	28	32	1	28	18	23
	2	38	30	34	2	10	-9	0,5
	3	28	26	27	3	14	-6	4
	4	40	32	36	4	14	-2	6
	5	20	10	15	5	49	24	36,5
	6	33	22	27,5	6	40	22	31
	7	28	6	17	7	50	34	42
	8	-6	-18	-12	8	49	34	41,5
	9	15	-6	4,5	9	43	26	34,5
	10	20	-6	7	10	47	17	32
	11	20	6	13	11	43	22	32,5
	12	36	15	25,5	12	40	18	29
	13	38	10	24	13	26	22	24
	14	12	-4	4	14	25	18	21,5
	15	8	0	4	15	28	14	21
	16	33	-1	16	16	22	13	17,5
	17	38	22	30	17	33	22	27,5
	18	34	2	18	18	18	0	9
	19	33	28	30,5	19	16	-2	7
	20	24	12	18	20	18	-2	8
	21	32	20	26	21	30	24	27
	22	24	10	17	22	42	23	32,5
	23	20	6	13	23	42	18	30
	24	32	20	26	24	44	27	35,5
	25	32	26	29	25	42	28	35
	26	10	-4	3	26	20	4	12
	27	10	-22	-6	27	20	-11	4,5
	28	20	18	19	28	42	22	32
	29	19	-8	5,5				
	30	-6	-20	-13				
	31	20	8	14				
General results.		23.95	8.65	16.3		31.96	14.94	23.45

* The direction of the wind has been daily observed and noted, but is not inserted in this register, for want of room. It may be remarked,

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS ;

Made at Middlebury College.

MARCH.

APRIL.

Day	Highest	Lowest	Mean.	Day	Highest	Lowest	Mean.
1	36	20	28	1	36	28	32
2	44	12	28	2	44	30	37
3	34	14	24	3	44	30	37
4	42	24	33	4	51	36	43.5
5	44	30	37	5	50	39	44.5
6	14	-6	4	6	62	36	45
7	22	-4	9	7	57	38	47.5
8	24	6	15	8	51	40	45.5
9	40	9	25.5	9	62	46	54
10	32	15	23.5	10	60	42	51
11	42	20	31	11	36	30	33
12	28	16	22	12	43	30	35.5
13	33	12	22.5	13	52	36	44
14	22	7	14.5	14	67	38	52.5
15	34	16	25	15	52	39	45.5
16	36	14	25	16	46	30	38
17	43	30	36.5	17	52	33	42.5
18	48	35	41.5	18	56	40	48
19	40	20	30	19	63	54	58.5
20	46	34	40	20	68	62	65
21	30	12	21	21	60	35	47.5
22	40	26	33	22	50	33	41.5
23	54	40	47	23	62	43	52.5
24	32	8	20	24	54	43	48.5
25	34	4	19	25	53	38	45.5
26	33	8	20.5	26	58	44	51
27	42	24	33	27	72	55	63.5
28	45	40	47.5	28	75	51	63
29	48	40	44	29	74	53	63.5
30	46	34	40	30	57	47	52
31	44	32	38				
General results.	37.5	19.1	28.3		55.57	39.97	47.77

that the wind, at this place, blows almost invariably from a northerly, or southerly point. We rarely have a west wind, and the vicinity of the Green Mountains prevents our having any from the east.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS ;

Made at Middlebury College.

MAY.				JUNE.			
Day	Highest	Lowest	Mean.	Day	Highest	Lowest	Mean.
1	60	52	56	1	68	57	62.5
2	68	47	57.5	2	74	56	65
3	71	55	63	3	84	57	70.5
4	67	50	58.5	4	87	64	75.5
5	60	53	56.5	5	87	68	77.5
6	55	47	51	6	89	70	79.5
7	57	44	50.5	7	78	69	73.5
8	50	45	47.5	8	75	60	67.5
9	53	43	48	9	74	61	67.5
10	61	54	57.5	10	74	55	64.5
11	72	48	60	11	76	57	66.5
12	55	46	49	12	74	63	68.5
13	65	50	57.5	13	75	62	68.5
14	67	45	56	14	76	66	71
15	72	50	61	15	80	63	71.5
16	63	40	51.5	16	75	60	67.5
17	67	49	58	17	80	64	72
18	60	43	51.5	18	79	73	76
19	60	42	51	19	78	63	70.5
20	64	47	55.5	20	75	65	70
21	63	48	55.5	21	77	62	69.5
22	76	53	64.5	22	79	63	71
23	78	61	69.5	23	75	61	68
24	77	62	69.5	24	60	55	57
25	61	50	55.5	25	74	50	62
26	63	48	50.5	26	73	51	62
27	61	50	55.5	27	85	67	76
28	77	57	67	28	88	68	78
29	83	64	73.5	29	83	67	75
30	84	60	72	30	84	68	76
31	71	57	64				
General results.	65.52	50.22	57.87		77.86	62.16	70.

AN ABSTRACT OF
METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,
For the year 1812.
Made at Yale College, New-Haven
By Professor Day.

	Thermometer.			Barometer.		Rain and melted snow.
	High.	Lowest	Mean.	High.	Lowest	Inches.
Jan.	42,	— 6,	24,3	30,45	29,05	4,66
Feb.	51,	5,	27,	30,45	29,45	4,28
March.	62,	0,	31,25	30,60	29,50	1,03
April.	78,	25,	45,	30,45	29,65	3,32
May.	71,	32,	50,8	30,30	29,60	3,51
June.	82,	50,	63,5	30,10	29,60	3,42
July.	86,	48,	67,5	30,20	29,80	4,19
Aug.	82,	47,	67,4	30,20	29,80	5 55
Sept.	79,	34,	58,3	— —	— —	3,51
Oct.	73,	28,	50,9	— —	— —	4,45
Nov.	68,	20,	39,3	30,60	29,50	3,03
Dec.	52,	10,	30,6	30,40	29,30	3,22

Mean Temperature of the year 46,32

Snow - - - - - 32 inches

Rain - - - - - 39,9

Melted snow - - - - - 4,25

Whole quantity of water - - 41,15

Wind.

Weather.

N. W. 115 days

Clear 183 days

S. W. 51

Broken clouds 57

N. E. 46

Cloudy 52

S. E. 45

Rain 33

S. 38

Foggy 23

W. 34

Snow 10

N. 30

Foggy 8

E. 7

AN ABSTRACT OF
METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,
Made at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, D. M.
By Professor Cleveland.
1810.

Months.	Average heat.	Greatest heat.	Least heat.	Aver. height barom.	Great. range of Barom.	Prevailing winds.	Inch. of Rain.
Jan.	+18.8°	+45.	-13.5°	29.87	1.26	N.W. & N.E.	3.
Feb.	25.3	51.5	-18.	29.85	.96	N.W. & S.E.	3.
March.	31.4	52.	-6.	29.62	1.12	N.W. & S.W.	5.5
April.	45.5	75.	+15.5	29.81	.98	S.W. & S.E.	3.
May.	55.3	88.	25.	29.92	.82	S. & N. E.	2.8
June.	63.6	90.	36.	29.90	.54	S.W. & S.E.	2.9
July.	65.7	89.	44.	29.85	.52	S.W. & N.W.	3.
Aug.	66.4	86.5	43.5	29.81	.51	S.W. & N.W.	3.6
Sept.	61.6	83.	32.5	29.97	.70	S.W. & N.E.	1.4
Oct.	48.1	84.	14.	29.90	1.01	N.W. & S.W.	1.4
Nov.	32.9	61.	5.8	29.87	.98	N.W. & N.E.	4.5
Dec.	28.6	46.5	-9.5	29.78	1.19	N.W. & N.E.	1.
General results.	+ 45.3	+ 70.9	+ 14.1	29.84	.88	N.W. 8 S.W. 7 N.E. 5	S.E. 3 S. 1 35.1
	[42.5]						

The maxima of heat and cold were taken by a self-registering Thermometer, which indicates the true extremes of each. The average temperature deduced from the extremes of heat and cold is found to be a little lower, than when estimated from three observations a day. The reason probably is, that the Maximum of cold is commonly farther removed from a morning observation, than the Maximum of heat is from a noon observation.

1811.

Months.	Average heat.	Greatest heat.	Least heat.	Aver. height of barom.	Great. rang. of B'm.	Prevailing wind.	Inches of Rain.
Jan.	+21.4°	+46.°	-12.°	29.88	1.05	N.W.&N.E.	1.9
Feb.	20.6	45.	-14.8	29.74	1.09	N. & N.W.	4.1
March.	37.6	57.	+ 5.	29.97	1.44	N.W.&s.W.	1.5
April.	44.7	71.8	17.	29.89	.78	N.W&s.W.	2.1
May.	54.7	75.	24.	29.85	1.11	s.W.&N.W.	4.3
June.	63.8	92.8	36.8	29.88	.69	s.W.&N.W.	2.9
July.	68.8	97.8	40.5	29.89	.54	s.W.&N.W.	5.
Aug.	67.2	95.	42.5	29.94	.60	s.W.&N.W.	3.6
Sept.	61.	87.	33.3	29.89	.85	s.W.&N.W.	.5
Oct.	49.2	77.	21.5	29.96	1.11	s.W.&N.W.	2.6
Nov.	38.2	57.	14.	29.91	1.19	N.W.&N.E.	7.5
Dec.	26.9	52.8	-1.	29.66	1.37	N.W.&s.W.	1.1
General results.	+46.2°	+71.2°	+17.2°	29.87	.98	N.W, 12 S.W, 9 N.E, 2 N. 1	37.1

[44.2]

Of the two winds, mentioned in each month, the former is always supposed to be the more frequent.

In the column of Rain, the snow is supposed to be reduced to water.

1812.*

Months.	Average heat.	Greatest heat.	Least heat.	Average hei't of Barom.	Greatest range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Inch. of Rain
Jan.	+16.6°	+48.°	-28.°	29.58	1.27	N.W.&S.W.	2.5
Feb.	21.3	47.	-23.8	29.82	1.26	N.W.&N.E.	4.3
March.	26.2	52.	-19.	29.90	.81	N.W.&S.W.	1.
April.	42.1	70.	+16.5	29.90	.82	N.W.&S.W.	4.5
May.	49.5	78.	23.	29.82	.87	S.W.&N.W.	4.4
June.	60.8	83.	42.5	29.70	.57	N.W.&S.W.	7.7
July.	65.5	87.5	43.	29.82	.50	S.W.&N.W.	5.
Aug.	64.4	83.	37.	29.84	.64	S.W.&N.W.	3.7
Sept.	56.4	85.	27.8	29.91	.84	S.W.&N.W.	1.
Oct.	47.7	76.	19.8	29.78	1.15	S.W.&N.W.	4.6
Nov.	37.	55.	10.5	29.71	1.35	S.W. & W.	3.3
Dec.	23.9	51.	-10.3	29.63	1.45	N.W.&N.E.	1.5
General results.	+ 4.26°	+ 6.79°	+ 11.6°	29.78	.96	N.W, 11 S.W, 10 N.E, 2-W.1	43.5
39.7							

* This year our crops were destroyed by the coldness and wetness of the season.

1813.

Months.	Average heat.	Greatest heat.	Least heat.	Average hei't of Barom.	Greatest range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Inches of Rain.
Jan.	+18.7°	+42.°	-25.°	29.76	1.29	s.w.&n.w	3.5
Feb.	22.8	49.3	-17.5	29.81	1.28	s.w. & n.e.	2.2
March.	27.4	56.	-11.8	29.87	1.10	n.w. & s.w	5.
April.	44.	67.5	+19.5	29.90	.99	s.w. & n.w.	2.
May.	52.4	76.	21.5	29.90	.70	s.w. & n.w.	2.7
June.	61.8	84.	39.5	29.89	.59	s.w. & n.w.	2.1
July.	67.6	92.5	43.	29.85	.79	s.w. & n.w.	2.7
Aug.	68.8	93.8	44.	29.87	.82	s.w. & n.w.	2.2
Sept.	61.2	98.	37.5	29.91	.67	s.w. & n.w.	.7